YANK

THE ARMY NEWSPAPER

5¢ JULY 15, 1942
VOL. I, NO. 5
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

WE TAKE 1ST POKE AT NAZIS

See Page 3

(Official U. S. Navy ph

WE ARE NOT ALONE. *The Army's powerful partner, the United States Navy, speaks up during an attack on Wake Island. This is a cruiser blasting away.*

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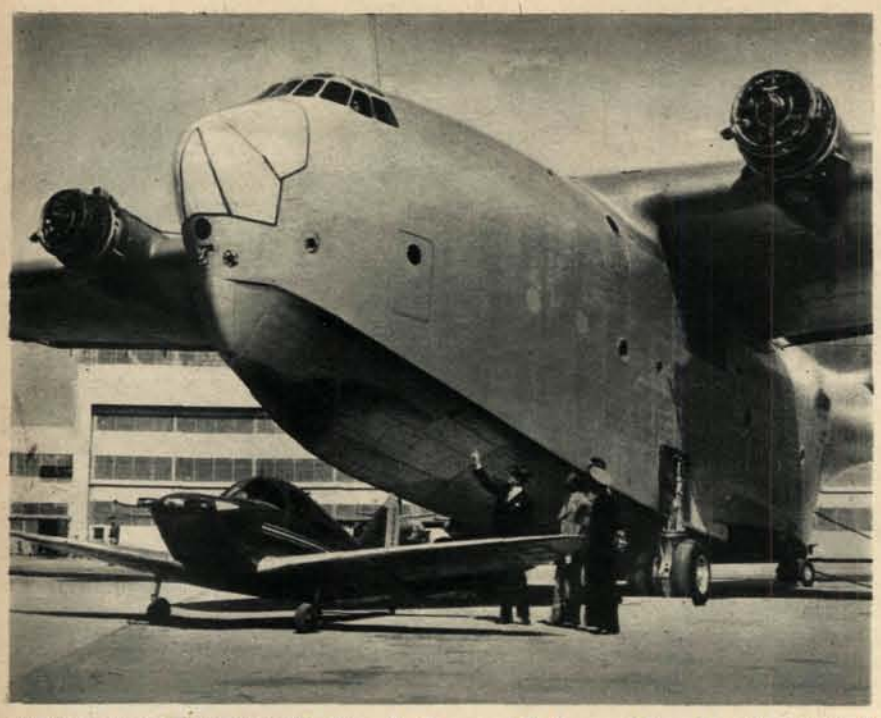

NEW FLYING BATTLESHIP—Here is the world's largest bomber, just tested successfully by the Navy in Baltimore. It's the Mars, bigger than a 14-room house, and it can be used as a troop or supply transport too. Compare the size of the ship with the designer, Glenn Martin who stands underneath with a Culver cadet plane.

Navy Tests World's Largest Plane—Big as 14-Room House

BALTIMORE — The largest flying boat in the world took off over Chesapeake Bay for test flights which might prove it the solution to the United Nations' shipping problem. Before dark it made three perfect take-offs, three perfect landings.

The Navy's Mars weighs 70 tons, has a 200-foot wingspread, a hull equal in space to a 14-room house, the horsepower of a two-car Diesel electric railroad locomotive. Fast and tough, it is hoped the ship will deliver men and materials quickly to any point in the world.

A hundred such ships, used as transports, could mean the difference between victory and defeat in lightning actions where supply and reinforcements are needed, the Navy believes.

Carries Big Loads

Primarily a patrol bomber, the Mars is serviceable as a transport to carry huge loads over long distances. Its potential range and speed are secret, but estimated at 7,000 miles distance and 200 miles an hour cruising speed, it could carry 150 fully equipped men to Europe and back without landing.

It has four 2,000-horsepower Wright Cyclone engines and four three-bladed Hamilton standard propellers with diameters of 17 feet, six inches—largest ever used on an airplane. Its 10-ton wings are thick enough for mechanics to walk in center sections.

Although details of the Mars are closely guarded secrets, it is known to have equipment for sub-stratosphere flying; a reinforced hull that can take a beating from the roughest seas, a double flight deck and dual quarters for officers and men, with two eating rooms and two shower rooms.

Easy to Handle

The test pilot reported the Mars handles as easily as a smaller ship. Because of its build and its heavy guns, the boat cannot be shot down easily by enemy planes. With guns big enough to outrange those of smaller planes, the Mars will not even need fighter plane escorts.

The builders say, "You could put an aerial torpedo through the Mars, and she'd continue to fly. She cannot be shot down unless her wings are literally shot off."

Gandhi Now Favors U. S. Army in India

BOMBAY — Mohandas K. Gandhi, the Indian Nationalist leader, now favors the presence in India of British and American armed forces for the defense of the country.

Admitting a change from his earlier stand, Gandhi wrote that the Anglo-American forces are welcome provided they leave as soon as the crisis is over. What he wants is the protection for India against Axis aggression afforded by these troops without their exercising any authority over the people.

Gandhi suggests a treaty made by the government of free India with the United Nations in which the latter would assume full responsibility for the cost of maintaining these troops, whose job would consist solely of "repelling Japanese attack and helping China."

Army's 'Curse' Gone; Scrap Rubber Stamps

WASHINGTON — Army rubber stamps will help win the war—as tires and other combat articles. Stamps collected from 32 War Department buildings were donated to the scrap rubber campaign ordered by President Roosevelt.

"There goes the curse of the Army," remarked Lt. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell as he watched workmen make the collection.

U. S. Has Weapon to Stop Nazi 88 MM. Tank Cannon

LANSING, Mich. — Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, chief of the Army service of supply, told a group of 400 Michigan industrialists gathered here that the United States has a weapon to stop the 88-millimeter cannon with which Rommel is reported to have driven the British tanks back into Egypt.

General Somervell refused to elaborate any further on this statement but he said he was not satisfied with the industrial production of this country.

"Until you can come around and tell me that every man in the Army has every piece of equipment he needs, I don't want anyone to tell me production is all right," he said.

Nazis to Face Court Martial

WASHINGTON—The eight Nazi agents, who landed from U-boats on the shores of Long Island and Florida, planning to cripple American war production, are in jail here under heavy guard, awaiting military trial on four charges that carry the death penalty.

First, the saboteurs are accused of violating the Law of War by passing through military lines in civilian clothes to commit espionage and sabotage. Then they are charged with violations of the 81st and 82d Articles of War and conspiracy to commit all those acts.

They will be tried by a court martial board headed by Major Gen. Frank R. McCoy, retired, a member of the Roberts Pearl Harbor investigating commission, who commanded the Rainbow Division in France during the last war.

Other officers who will try the Nazi agents are Major Gen. Blanton Winship, retired, former governor of Puerto Rico, Major Gen. Walter S. Grant, retired, Major Gen. Lorenzo D. Gasser, Brig. Gen. Guy V. Henry, Brig. Gen. John T. Lewis and Brig. Gen. John T. Kennedy, commanding general of Fort Bragg, N. C.

In announcing the trial of the saboteurs, President Roosevelt directed that all enemy agents hereafter entering the U. S. can expect the same treatment.

The Nazis who landed here—four on Long Island and four in Florida—intended to wreck American aluminum plants, blow up the Niagara Falls hydro-electric plant and Hell Gate Bridge, ruin the Penn railroad and blast the New York City water supply.

But the F.B.I. caught them before they had even started to go to work.

CONTEST

Sgt. Jack O'Brien of the Chico, Calif., Airbase, won $300 first prize in a cartoon contest sponsored by the Elks War Commission. The winning piece showed two U. S. soldiers in a foxhole, with a hundred Japs heading their way. One Yank says to the other, "You take care of this bunch, I've a letter from home."

U. S. Calls 1-B's With One Eye

New slackening of the draft rules will permit the induction into the Army of men with one eye, men who are deaf in one ear and men with deformities including crooked spines.

The subnormal draftees will be assigned to duty with corps area service commands and to the War Department overhead organization, releasing able-bodied men for combat duty.

Drafting of these 1-B's, beginning Aug. 1, will be limited to men "able to bring to the Army a useful vocation which was followed in civil life," the War Department said, but the statement applies broadly to any one who can do almost any useful work. It does not call for highly trained specialists.

The 1-B's will be re-examined and, if found qualified for limited military service, will be re-classified as 1-A's.

Men will be accepted whose weight and chest circumference do not meet 1-A standards but do not fall in Class 4; who have minimum 20-400 sight in one or both eyes if correctable with glasses to 20-40; who have one good eye; who are deaf in one ear if they have 10-20 hearing in the other.

The Army will also take those who have insufficient teeth if the defect can be corrected by artificial dentures; whose spines have a lateral deviation of less than three inches from the midline; who have lost an entire thumb on either hand or have lost three fingers, provided the thumb remains; who have deformed feet but can still wear a G.I. shoe.

Sartorial Stuff

Style note from the March Field, Calif., Post Beacon: "The steel helmet should be worn slightly dipped over the brow and raked gently to the side. The mask strap should be slung in such a way that it adds width to the shoulder, and the mask itself, if permitted to rest its tip on the hip, emphasizes the masculine line in walking."

Watch Out for Traps!

WASHINGTON—If American soldiers fall for enemy "booby" traps (land mines attached to objects in enemy territory) it won't be for lack of warning.

Training films and manuals have been issued telling soldiers to tread warily on captured territory. Picking up such seemingly harmless gadgets as a helmet, pistol, boot, or other light equipment may result in a quick ticket to oblivion, not only for the souvenir hunter but for his comrades as well. Opening a door or window of an abandoned building may also set off a mine.

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Yanks Take First Punch at Germans

YANKS IN LIBYA . . . these U. S. tank soldiers in pith helmets, shown in Libya talking to British armored force men, were the first Yanks to meet Germans on the field in this war.

U. S. Tank Corps in Africa Shoots First Shell at Nazis

CAIRO—It was here, on the deserts of Africa, that the Yanks fought the Germans for the first time since 1918. This was how it happened:

As far as the heat was concerned, the day was just like any other desert day—a blistering, choking hell. As far as the war was concerned, the day was fairly average.

Things were beginning to go a little badly for the British in Libya. They were at Knightsbridge, but they weren't sure they could hold that burning crossroad. Rommel was pressing on, and he had superior equipment.

As far as history was concerned, though, the day was full of meaning. Upon a ridge between Knightsbridge and Acroma, set there to cover the withdrawal of South African infantry from El Gazala, was the first force of American soldiers to meet the Germans in the field in this war. The date was June 11.

Picked Men

The Americans were tank men. They were just a token force of picked men from the armored divisions, in Libya to see what the Germans had and what the Yanks could do about it.

The Germans, they discovered, didn't have so much. In the first pitched battle between Yanks and Nazis—a small affair, but interesting, they knocked off nine German tanks and came out clean as a whistle.

The Yanks didn't see much fighting on June 11, but shortly after dawn on June 12 the Germans attacked the ridge with 75 tanks. The battle whirled all through the day. The ridge was held.

The Yanks didn't have time to eat that day, but their guns swallowed a lot of shells. At dawn, when they sighted the German force, they moved forward along the ridge, firing as they went.

"Our orders were to fire at the enemy tank nearest us," said Capt. Charles Stelling of Augusta, Ga., "and keep firing at it until we stopped it, then turn our fire on the next nearest tank." We zigzagged about 100 yards each way, just zigzagging and firing.

Both Guns

When the Germans came within 3,000 yards, the Yanks opened up with their 75 mm. guns. First they used high-explosive shells, changing to armor-piercing shells when the Nazis came near enough to make them worthwhile. The 37 mm. guns were used when the Germans were 1,200 yards away.

Rommel's forces launched three big attacks on the ridge in the course of the day, but no German tank got within 700 yards of the American forces. The Yanks were a little careless in their counting, and they didn't know how many they knocked out. All they could say was at least nine German tanks will never backfire again.

German tanks were stopped at more than 2,000 yards by unerring American marksmanship. When the battle ended the crews knew that the metal monsters they rode in were very smooth jobs. For their money, they say, the General Grant is O.K. They think one General Grant can take on four Mark IV's.

WAAC To Take 13,000 Women

WASHINGTON.—Thirteen thousand American women will be in the Army by the end of this year.

And the figure will be around 17,000 by June, 1943, according to Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, director of the new Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. She says that 375 WAAC officer candidates will start the ball rolling at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, July 20.

Around the end of July, the WAACS will start recruiting their first privates, who will go into uniform Aug. 24.

Mrs. Hobby announced that the first officer candidates class will include 40 Negro women who will command three companies of Negro WAACS in clerical and administrative work at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., next fall.

WAAC headquarters here has selected 1,300 officer candidates for the school at Fort Des Moines. They will go there in classes of 350 at separate intervals during the summer and autumn months.

Society Gals Go Barefoot

EASTHAMPTON, L. I.—Society girls at the swank Maidstone Club are playing tennis in their bare feet these days.

They've donated their sneakers to the scrap rubber drive.

Two Sergeants Win Air Medal

LONDON. — Major Gen. Carl Spaatz's first official act after being made commander of U. S. Air Forces in Europe, was to decorate two officers and two sergeants who participated in the first American bombing raid on the Continent July Fourth.

The Distinguished Flying Cross was awarded to the crew of the plane piloted in the Independence Day raid on Holland by Capt. Charles C. Kegelman of El Reno, Okla. He brought his ship home on one engine after striking the ground and getting hit by German gunfire.

The Air Force sergeants who got the D.F.C. were Robert L. Golay of Fredonia, Kan., and Bennie B. Cunningham of Tupelo, Miss.

Spaatz also announced the names of the other fliers who took part in the raid, first action of the U. S. Army in Europe during the war. The enlisted men on the expedition who returned safely besides Golay and Cunningham were Sgts. Earl McGinnis of Foss, Okla.; Thomas Andrews of Newport, R. I.; Chester Davis of Tucson, Ariz., and William A. Lang of Spokane, Wash.

The new boss of American air operations in Europe is an old timer in aviation. Spaatz started his career as an army flier in 1916, two years after graduating from West Point.

His experience kept him at the aviation school in Issoudin, France, during most of the last war but he had one crack at combat flying between Sept. 2 and Sept. 21, 1918. During that time, he shot down three German planes and got the Distinguished Service Cross.

Brothers Meet As Sailors First Time in Six Years

NEW YORK. — Chet and Walter Mickols, brothers from Lowell, Mass., met each other for the first time in six years at the American Theater Wing's Stage Door Canteen. They're both in the Navy now.

Walter said, "Hello, Chet," and Chet said, "Hello." Then they looked at each other a minute and Chet said:

"How much dough have you got?"

German Gets Four Months For Calling Army Foolish

NEW YORK.—A German alien who told a group of U. S. soldiers in a downtown bar here that they were foolish to fight for democracy is now doing four months in the workhouse.

Ernst Raspe, 49, gave a speech praising Hitler to four enlisted men and they turned him over to the police. In court, it was revealed that he has lived and worked here 29 years without applying for citizenship.

DESERT WAR PRISONERS. British line up Italians for frisking after capturing them in Egypt. Musso's men evidently don't think capture any disgrace.

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Boy Tells F.D.R. He Wants To Fly

WASHINGTON.—Twelve-year-old Bobby Walker of Vale, Ore., wrote this letter to President Roosevelt:

"Dear Mr. President:

"I want to help in this war so I am buying defense stamps. But that isn't enough. I want to fly an airplane. But I am only 12 and can't enlist. So I thought I could learn if you helped me by sending instructions how to fly a plane to me. A pursuit plane is what I want to fly.

"I am building a model airplane. But I am running out of glue.

"It is hot and windy out here.

"Please, if you can send me instructions how to fly airplanes and if you can, please send me some pictures of pursuit planes. I will pay for them if they cost anything. But if you can't send them, please tell me what books or things I can get from the stores about airplanes.

"Yours truly

"Bobby Walker

"P.S.—The war is getting close. A shelling on the west coast of Oregon was about 300 miles from us."

The President told the Civil Aeronautics Administration to see to it that Bobby got his pictures.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By Chaplain Christian Westphalen

New England is a land of stone walls—walls built around each field from the boulders and stones left on those fields by the great glacier that once covered the area. Connecticut soil, like that everywhere in the New England states, is very rocky and to get such ground ready for planting is a tough, back-breaking job that requires weeks of labor. Unless, of course, you want a rock-garden.

A young industrious farmer bought some land in that state. With dynamite, strong horses and with pulleys and ropes and levers—but mostly with sweat and long hours of hard work—he cleared his land of the residue of a past age. Then began the plowing and the fertilizing of the soil. Many days of this was followed by the planting of various crops.

Two or three times a week the old minister from the nearby village came out to visit with the young farmer. One day they stood together and looked over the hill sides and the little valley—green with growing crops.

"You and God have certainly done a wonderful piece of work here," remarked the minister.

After a few moments, the slow, thoughtful answer came. "Yes, I guess we have. But don't you remember what it looked like when God was trying to run it alone?"

Too many people wonder why God doesn't stop the war or why God doesn't do this or that or the other thing—forgetting that men are the hands of God, that God works in and through man.

—Bolling Field Beacon

BOMBING "TOKYO"—This lucky newsreel cameraman is taking a shot of the Army planes bombing Tokyo. But this Tokyo was in Texas—a replica of the Jap capital built at Sloan Field. The student bombardiers knocked hell out of all military objectives but left residential sections unharmed.

Enlisted Men to Get Credit Where Credit Is Overdue

WASHINGTON—Gunners are the most important men to the security of a combat airplane crew, Capt. R. H. Parham of the 3rd Air Force discovered while making inquiries for YANK.

YANK had asked Capt. Parham why AAF officers were named in all the hero stories when the enlisted men were in there manning the guns and knocking down the enemy. Parham did some research on the subject and reported at a P.R.O. meeting of AAF officers that the enlisted men ought to be getting more of the credit.

Nameless Hero

"That brings to mind," he said at the meeting, "the name of a lad who isn't generally known. The name is Sgt. Brown—'All Guns' Brown. I haven't any idea what his given name is. I don't even know where he is. But one of his hands is gone, and I know how he lost it. I also know how he got his nickname.

"He got it scurrying about from one gun to another, manning them one at a time, knocking down Zero after Zero as they closed in on the stricken ship of Capt. Hubert Wheless.

"Warring America never heard any mention of Brown except a casual reference to a very brave gunner on the bomber that Captain Wheless flew. But you can bet your last dollar there's one man in America that Sgt. Brown is a hero to, and that's Captain Wheless."

Novice Now Expert

That reminded another P.R.O. at the meeting of Pvt. McElroy, in the Philippines battle. When the Japs' surprise attack came, it caught our B-17s on the ground. McElroy, who was an assistant radio operator and didn't know beans about gunnery, ran to his ship, manned the side guns and kept pounding away at the attackers until repeated hits on the plane set it afire and roasted him out.

"I wouldn't trade McElroy," said his colonel, "for the best co-pilot, navigator or bombardier in the business. These days I have to lead him around by the hand for fear somebody will steal him from me."

P.R.O.'s at the meeting agreed maybe YANK has something when it asks for reports about enlisted heroes in the Air Forces. They're going to get more recognition from now on. Already have; see last issue.

Tokyo Bombed—Down in Texas

Tokyo is no more.

All that remains are a few traditional ashes sprinkled here and there amid the mesquite of the prairie.

Just the other day, there was a city in Texas, and they called the city Tokyo. They built it like a boom-town out there on the desert, built it of cardboard and paper, built models of the docks of Tokyo, models of ships, of forts, factories, warehouses and freight yards. But they built it to tear it down.

The city stood near the bombardment range of Sloan Field, Midland Army Flying School down in Texas.

It was all pre-arranged. The press was there, and the spectators gathered for miles around to get a vicarious kick out of watching Hirohito's city bombed to hell.

Then the planes came. They flashed over from three directions, flying seconds apart. Two old B-18's laid forty eggs in the center of the toy Tokyo from 12,000 feet. Some planes whipped across the target at fifty feet.

Only two of them missed.

When it was all over, there was little but ashes where Tokyo once stood.

One enlisted man, a gunner by trade, plans to keep some ashes in an urn and spread them over the real city some day. Sort of a sentimental fellow, he is.

Bombed Destroyer Returns to Fight

SAN FRANCISCO—The U. S. destroyer Shaw, which was expected never to see service again after she was bombed at Pearl Harbor, steamed back for the battle, fit for fighting and impatient to avenge the Japanese attack.

Using a temporary steel bow, the Shaw left Pearl Harbor for a West Coast port for permanent repairs, completing the voyage in ten days.

NEED A LAWYER? These will help if you're in the Canal Zone. Group organized club which will help soldiers and sailors sell real estate back home, pay income taxes, pacify wives, all for free. Reading l. to r., standing: Pfc. Charles O. Porter, Ft. de Lesseps; Jeremiah Gorin, CZ civvie lawyer; Corp. R. A. Feidler, France Field; Pvt. P. H. Raybuck, Ft. Davis; Ensign W. T. Pegues, Sub Base; Pvt. J. P. Lawrence, Ft. Gulick; Pfc. A. L. Canner, Ft. Randolph; Ensign J. T. Yeiser, Sub Base; Corp. Hyman Polsky, Ft. Gulick; Lt. J. H. McFaddin, Ft. Randolph; Capt. W. A. Walker, club president, France Field. Sitting: Maj. Geo. D. Poole, Gatun; Pfc. E. J. McGlashin, Ft. de Lesseps; S. T. Frankel, member Panama bar; W. J. Sheridan, deputy clerk, U. S. district court, Cristobal; Corp. Renzo Tesero, Ft. Gulick; Ensign J. F. Connolly, Sub Base.

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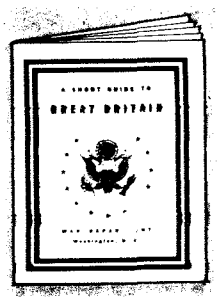
For Yanks Not at Oxford

Or How a Fighter With the A. E. F. Can Keep Himself and His British Hosts Happy While Visiting the Tight Little Isle

Visitor to England



THE War Department has recently issued a pamphlet on England—its climate, its terrain, its customs and, most important of all, its people. The booklets are being distributed to our troops in the United Kingdom. As there are already many Yanks in England, and many more should reach there before long, the pamphlet seems like a good idea. It's very easy to misunderstand England and the English.

We have had a few altercations with England in the past—notably one which began in 1775—but they're as dead as George III. England is our ally, and she's a pretty good ally to have around. She's held off Hitler for two years, and she stood up under the blitz and spat right in the Luftwaffe's eye.

Here are a few significant items the new pamphlet for Second Front troops points out:

The English have much in common with us. We both believe in government by representation. We both believe in freedom of worship. We both believe in freedom of speech. Nevertheless, we differ from the English in minor national characteristics, and German propaganda has lately been harping on these differences in the hope of causing a British-American split.

One thing the English have in common with us is landscape. England looks quaint, but it isn't. The whole country is about as big as Minnesota, but the terrain is extremely variable.

If you get a pass or a furlough you'll probably take off to see a bit of the country. You'll find a lot of things that seem strange. For instance, none of the houses has been painted for quite a while. The reason is that paint is no longer made.

The average Briton will seem reserved. He won't speak to us unless we speak to him. But that doesn't mean he isn't interested in us. On the contrary, he's probably more interested in us than we are in him. The reason for this reserve is a simple one. In a country as small as England, with a population of 40,000,000, a man's privacy is respected. And an Englishman will respect our privacy.

In dealing with Englishmen, remember that though we're allies, it's still their country, and we are guests.

Don't brag. Don't tell an Englishman we came over and won the last war for them. We didn't. England lost a million men; we lost only 60,000. Don't tell an Englishman we've come over to win this war for him. We haven't. We've come over to help him win it. Lay off a Tommy's girl; she may like it, but he won't; you're liable to get your block knocked off. Of course, if you can find a single, unattached girl, that's a different matter.

Don't toss money around. The English expect us to be generous, but the British soldier is not as well paid as we are, and that fact is apt to rankle. If you go into a pub and find a couple of Tommies there, stand them up to a beer.

Americans and Englishmen spring of the same stock and speak the same language. For all that, we have our own special slang terms, which are heard more frequently than anything else. It's a good idea for us to stock up on English slang.

For instance, don't use the word "bloody" in front of a doll. In England it's a low-grade cussword. Don't use "bum." For instance, don't say "I feel like a bum." In England that means you feel like your own backside, a highly disreputable state.

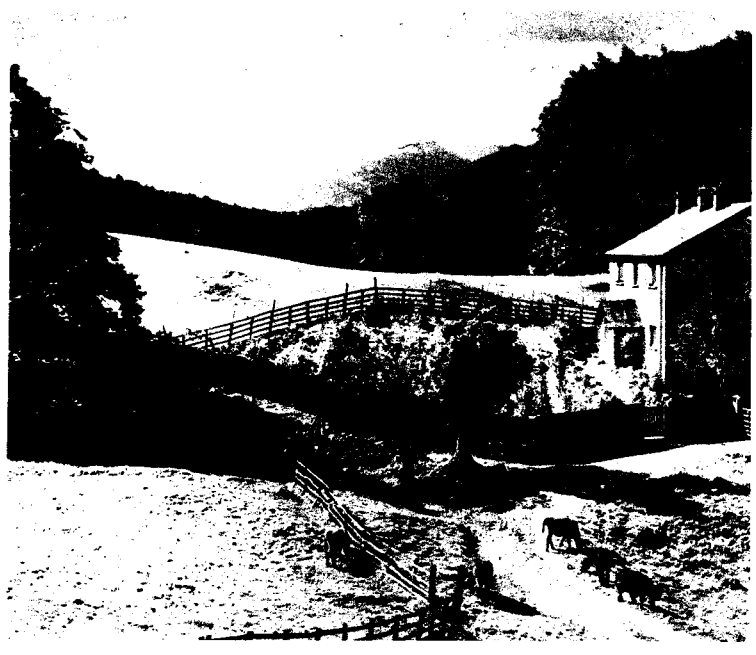
To Englishmen a freight car is a goods wagon. A man who works on the railroad is a navvy. The top of a car is the hood; but the hood of the engine is a bonnet. The fenders are wings. And gas, if there is any, is petrol. An automobile battery is an accumulator. A billboard is a hoarding. A bowling alley is a skittle alley. Hard candy is boiled sweets.

We will learn about England as we go along. There are, in the long run, only two things that we should remember, and they will get us by. The two things are: It is always impolite to criticize your hosts. It is militarily stupid to criticize your allies. If we go by these precepts our way will be smooth.

"If you can find a single, unattached girl . . ."

"The English have much in common with us."

"She has stood up under the blitz."



"England looks quaint, but isn't."

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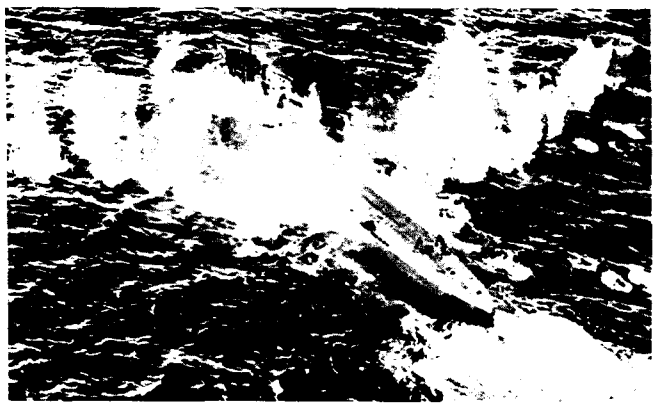

Nazi U-Boat Strafed by R.A.F. in Bay of Biscay

Nazi Dive-bomber Polished Off by R.A.F. in Libya

U. S. Tanks Roll in Libya

Reports from the Field

Concerning a Dog Tag, Six Heroes, a New Howitzer, Sevastopol, Malta, a Spy, Royalty, and a Cup of Coffee

WHEN THE DOG TAG of M/Sgt. George L. Seastrom was found in the sands of the Libyan desert and turned over to his commanding officer at the American ordnance depot, Cairo, Egypt, on June 15, the lanky Seastrom was given up for lost. He had already been missing for two weeks. A veteran of 20 years' service, he was one of the American experts who'd been helping the British keep their Yankee-made General Grant and Honey tanks rolling.

But Seastrom was far from lost. He strolled into his office one day last week, his shaggy gray hair powdered with the dust of the desert, and explained that he'd been up in the heat of the battle for weeks, so busy nursing engines and fixing treads under fire that there was just no time to report to Cairo. When his officers explained to him their anxiety, he laughed it off with, "Hell, that's nothing to be concerned about."

PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL talked about Army matters a lot last week in his speech on Libya before the House of Commons. Among other things, he said that:

The British artillery in Egypt included several regiments with the "latest form of gun," a Howitzer which throws a 55-pound shell 20,000 yards—or 11 miles.

Most of the British air marshals he had met "think lowly of dive bombers."

The Nazis had pulled a surprise by using an 88-millimeter anti-aircraft gun for anti-tank purposes in the Libyan fighting.

He wished Britain had a thousand transport aircraft.

The British continued an aerial defense of Malta, most bombed place on earth, from not more than two or three air fields. At one time, he added, Malta's fighter strength had been reduced to only a dozen planes.

Five Japanese aircraft carriers which entered the Bay of Bengal after Singapore's fall were now at the "bottom of the sea," which meant that the Japanese, whose resources are strictly and rigidly limited, must now count their capital units on their fingers and toes.

Into the Middle East from Britain, the Empire and the United States during the last two years had gone 950,000 men, 4,500 tanks, 6,000 aircraft, 5,000 pieces of artillery, 50,000 machine guns and over 100,000 "mechanical vehicles."

SEVASTOPOL fell last week, and with its fall ended a saga of savage and heroic resistance scarcely paralleled in modern times. To reduce the Black Sea naval base and fortress, the Nazis, under command of Col. Gen. Fritz Erich von Mannstein, used 14 infantry divisions, 400 tanks, 900 planes, Stukas by the hundreds, bombs and shells by the tens of thousands. On June 2 they hurled into the base 7,000 shells; on June 6 they upped the ante to 9,000; in one three-day period alone they fired 30,000 shells, 20,000 mortar projectiles and 15,000 bombs into the burning, already ruined city.

Defenders of Sevastopol, fighting under Maj. Gen. Petrov and Vice-Admiral E. S. Oktyabrysky, consisted of several infantry divisions, marine and naval brigades, tens of thousands of armed laborers, five battalions of grenade-throwers and finally women and children who grabbed rifles and fought from barricades. Although laying down an artillery barrage seldom if ever before equalled, the Germans found that each of the base's 1,400 pillboxes had to be stormed before silenced; that the Russian grenade-throwers had to be killed before they stopped fighting; that it took as many as 25 Stukas to put one Russian anti-aircraft emplacement out of commission.

At the end of 25 days of such siege the Nazis entered the charred city. Mannstein's Chief of Staff admitted that the reduction of Sevastopol had been the "heaviest task which had been expected of infantry in this war." The Germans had been determined to take the historic city at all costs; the Russians had exacted the high price of no less than 105,000 German soldiers killed, untold numbers wounded.

AFTER A TRIUMPHANT Berlin announcement that Malta, Britain's "Corregidor of the Mediterranean," at last was weakening in air resistance, America's big aircraft carrier "Wasp" arrived at the island fortress recently loaded with Spitfires and Blenheims in the nick of time to repel a fierce Nazi air raid. Since then, the "Wasp" has brought more planes. And Malta's planes are keeping up their batting average of sinking nearly 50 per cent of supply ships sent to aid Rommel's forces in Egypt and Libya.

When news of the "Wasp's" valuable ferrying service was released, close on the heels of Malta's 2,649th air raid alert, Prime Minister Churchill cabled: "Who says a Wasp cannot sting twice?"

ENSIGN HELMUTH E. HOERNER of Ilion, N. Y., flew his dive bomber back to its aircraft carrier after the Battle of Midway, sure that he could catch hell for pulling a boner. Instead, he was greeted with a glad hand for having sunk a Jap destroyer. In his first power dive on a Jap ship he yanked the wrong lever, put down his wheels instead of his wing flaps, overshot the ship and couldn't dump any bombs on his chosen target. Red-faced, he looked ahead to see he was heading for a Jap destroyer at terrific speed. This time he found the right gadget—his bomb release—pulled it, turned tail and sped back to his carrier. Setting his plane down on the carrier, he was told that his hastily-dropped bomb had crashed squarely on the destroyer's rear deck. The bomb exploded a pile of depth charges which had blown off the whole stern of the ship. After that, the destroyer rolled over and sank.

GEORGE GOUGH was quite the boy among the pompous merchants, the lowly laborers and the tawdry night club girls of British Honduras and the Panama Canal Zone. They called him "King of Belize"—Belize being the capital of British Honduras. The gay old plantation owner and ex-rum runner wore the title well, but he also asked for occasional favors. He wanted bits of apparently harmless information about American military and naval activities in the Caribbean. The laborers were sometimes able to tell him of secret gun emplacements; the girls sometimes got an earful from tipsy and amorous soldiers and sailors and passed it on to the King; merchants sometimes knew about shipments. The King paid off in Balboa notes.

U. S. and British intelligence agents put their heads together, spotted the King's ships sneaking out of Belize loaded with oil for "somewhere." Last week they decided to strike. The King got wind of it and tried to beat it on one of his ships, but a U. S. Navy seaplane took off in search, landed beside the King's ship and took him back to jail to face charges as leader of a spy ring. Meanwhile, some of the places in Panama where the King's "subjects" worked were henceforth declared off limits to U. S. troops.

CPL. LOUIS MURPHY of Bridgeport, Conn., trudged wearily into an Allied base in New Guinea one day last week with no clothes, no shoes, a bad sunburn, a slight finger wound and a story to tell. The 25-year-old airman was a member of the crew of an American bomber shot down at sea by Jap Zero fighters. As the crew bobbed in the Pacific in their bright orange life jackets, the Zeros dived again and again to finish them off with machine gun bullets. By ducking under the water continually, Cpl. Murphy survived the fire. He drifted ashore after 48 hours afloat, drank some cocoanut milk and then walked bare-footed and naked 80 miles through wild country to the base. Resting after his ordeal, Cpl. Murphy said: "I'm dying to get into the fight again. I'll have no mercy on those Japanese for what they did to us in the water."

USUALLY STATELY Argentine Chamber of Deputies got into an argument last week over a special Congressional committee to investigate subversive activities, insults were hurled and one deputy threw a perfect strike with a cup of coffee. A recess was promptly called.

CROWNED HEADS of three Nazi-occupied nations were in the United States last week doing chores for their governments-in-exile now situated in London.

King Peter II, of Yugoslavia, marked the Fourth of July by walking unrecognized to a Manhattan subway, taking a ride on it, and then visiting the top of the Empire State Building.

Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, received the welcome of a citizens' committee of Lee, Mass. (population 4,210), where she's spending the summer with her daughter, Princess Juliana, and her two granddaughters, Beatrix and Irene.

King George II, exiled head of Greece, returned from an inspection of West Point to busy himself in Washington with the problem of Greek refugees coming to America.

Three R.A.F.'ers Who Lived on Beer in Lifeboat. They Didn't Get Fat.

Water, Water Everywhere—only 900 Cans of Beer to Drink

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Nine hundred cans of American beer saved a dozen British airmen from thirst and starvation during 44 days spent in an open lifeboat in the South Pacific. When Japs bombed the Dutch steamship on which they fled from Java, they hopped into a lifeboat and found 960 cans of the brew stacked neatly in a locker—but nothing else. During their 44 days of beer-drinking and horizon-watching, they encountered a Jap submarine, a South Sea whirlwind and a "friendly, but inquisitive" Pacific Ocean whale. When they finally were picked up off northern Australia by an American airplane, they gave the remaining 60 cans of beer to their Yankee rescuers.

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The ferocious, or swivel chair major salute

Salute!

Pictures by Sgt. Ralph Stein
Words to Fit by Cpl. Harry Brown
(Saluting Demons of YANK's Staff)

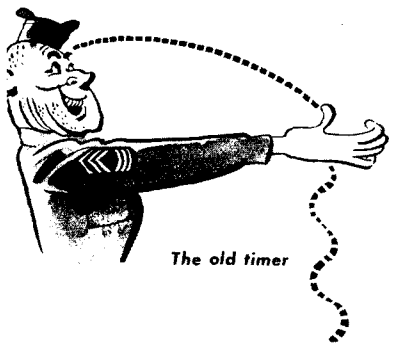
THE military salute began with a caveman named Wugg, who was what we might call a captain of a platoon of the 3rd Anti-Mastodon Battalion.

In those days most captains were rather brawny individuals who reached their exalted position by a judicious use of a club. Wugg was different, though. Wugg had brains, and he got to be a captain because he had brains. Inasmuch as Wugg's men were a lot of hairy dopes, he liked to impress upon them the fact that he had more than water in his noggin. When one of his command approached, Wugg would quickly touch his right hand to his forehead, the gesture meaning "I got brains, see, and I'm the one who'll do the thinking around here. So don't go getting ideas."

Unfortunately for the average private, some other captains swiped Wugg's idea, and before you could say "regimental sergeant major" all the cavemen were going around touching their foreheads to each other, and that, children, is where saluting began.

Two officers, double salute

In the days when there wasn't a restaurant in the whole of Greece and the phalanx was a red-hot tactical innovation, the Athenian hoplites saluted each other by carving a curve in the wind with their right hands. This gesture, which had a certain languorous beauty, was accompanied by some phrase which, translated from the language of our ancient word slingers, might mean "Howsa theengs go theese daze, keeds?"



The old timer

The Romans, who were nuts about military life, had a salute which was accomplished by raising the right hand, fist closed. The Roman soldier would say, in Latin, something like this: "Nil nimium studeo, Caesar, tibi velle placere nec scire utrum sis albus aut ater homo," and what that means is none of your business. We're just cultured, that's all.

When the Romans got up around Nether Gaul they discovered that the early Germans (who were amazingly similar to the late Germans) saluted similarly to themselves, except the German method was to thrust the closed fist forward until it connected with the belly-button of the salutee. Caesar once asked Vercingetorix the reason for this type of salute, but all Vercingetorix would say was "Es war einmal drei Schmetterlinge," which solved absolutely nothing.

From the naked salute sprang that complicated business called, for want of a better term, Military Courtesy. There was a time when it was considered more important to be able to salute correctly than it was to win a battle. This was in Renaissance Italy, when battles were only human chess games, anyway.

With the increased use of gunpowder the salute slipped a little in the estimation of military men. In the 17th Century soldiers didn't like to salute because they wore their hair long, and their saluting hands were always getting tangled up with a couple of spit curls. Finally, though, when long hair went out of fashion and queues came in the salute really came into its own. It's been in its own ever since.

The one finger, or naval salute

YANK, which knows a good thing when it sees it, has gone to a lot of trouble to delineate on this page some of the various types of salutes. To accomplish this scoop our correspondents trailed a lieutenant, two majors, a warrant officer, and a mysterious character who later turned out to be an American Legion drum major from a small town in Ohio. Our correspondents, most of them privates, did a bit of saluting on their own hook, until their own hook was pretty damned sore. They also talked the saluting business up in a lot of barracks.

The average private's reaction to saluting, we discovered, was that "It's fun, but it's tiring." One Pfc. from Washington showed us his arm—the right bicep was two inches bigger than the left. The U. S. private is game, though. "We'll salute as long as they keep throwing officers at us," is a common remark, "though it might be nice if they didn't throw them quite so hard."

THE VERY FIRST SALUTE

100 Yards Sights Officer (Conscious of Huge and Heavy Right Arm)

50 Yards Carefully Raises Arm in Readiness

THIS IS IT!

The annoyed, or intercepted pass salute

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Air Blows Hot From Bronx

Fanning Session Sets World Straight on 258th Field Artillery—listen youse guys—

By Cpl. Marion Hargrove, Yank Staff Writer

PINE CAMP, N. Y.—It was that slack period between noon chow and the fall-out call. Most of the 258th Field Artillery was asleep, or wishing they were back in the Bronx. Four of us sat in a tent with

a deck of cigarettes and batted the breeze.

Offhand, I'd say, ours was the only breeze in Pine Camp then. It was hot as hell.

Pvt. Dutch Loehmann looked at his uniform, which might have come back from the laundry in the wet wash, and at Sgt. Van Cook's, which was crisp, cool and immaculate. Pvt. Earl Wiedemann drew designs on the sand floor of the tent. Van Cook finished cleaning his nails with a match and began polishing them on his shirt sleeve.

"Go ahead, Arty," said Loehmann, "tell this fellow about the time you were first sergeant."

Van Cook was now at work polishing his belt buckle with a handkerchief. "Oh, it was just one of those things," he said. "When I was topkick around here, the Colonel used to eat with my battery. This colonel was one of the best artillery officers in the Army, but he was tough as hell. One day my mess was three minutes late, so he calls me over. When he finishes chewing me out, I got no stripes on my arm."

Loehmann stuck two fingers and a thumb into his open collar and started fiddling with the hair on his chest. "The old man—" he began.

"Funniest damned thing," said Sgt. Van Cook, "was this. I had a line sergeant in my outfit I used to throw the rubber tool at day in and day out. He was a good man but I loved to work the pants off him. All in fun, of course.

"The guy goes away one day and comes back and look what he is, the battery commander—MY battery commander!

"It ain't as bad as you'd naturally think, though. You'd think he'd run my behind from here to Watertown and beat the bejesus out of me. But no. We just get together and talk about the old days."

"That's the way it is," said Pvt. Wiedemann. "That's the 258th Field. All good men and true—the pick of the Bronx and Brooklyn, the bringers of goodness and culture to the wilds of western New York. Tough, hard men they are, but with enough of the aesthetic to stop and watch the budding of the tender rose."

"Any rose that buds in Pine Camp," said Van Cook, "is a long way from tender."

"Wiedemann ain't from the Bronx anyway," said Loehmann. "He's from Boston. He used to be an opera singer."

The operatic Wiedemann struck his hand to his forehead in an intensely dramatic expression. Then he burped softly and patted his stomach. "I have worn kilts for the Scottish Musical Players," he said, "and I have roamed the roads with Rudy Vallee. I have come from M.C. to K.P. in eight weeks and the road has been long and weary!"

He placed his hand on his heart and looked heavenward. There was no burp. "Once the scion of a noble profession, I am now the bastard boy of the Washington Greys!"

"The Washington Greys?" I asked. "That's a team I never heard of."

"You ain't been in the Bronx," said Loehmann. "We're the Washington Greys—the 258th Field Artillery Regiment. Hell, we escorted General Washington when he was sworn in as President."

"This looks like a damned good outfit," I commented, "but it sounds about screwy as hell to me."

"It is that," said Loehmann. "Screwy as hell. When we were at Bull Run—"

"That was in the Civil War," said Van Cook. "When we were at Bull Run, we were supposed to retreat to draw the enemy into a certain pocket where they couldn't do much damage. So we were retreating and somehow or other the colors fell to the ground or touched the ground or something. So this corporal — the Mad Corporal, they called him — he saw the colors touching the ground and he went bearshack.

"He grabs up the colors and waves them around like he's gone crazy. The outfit thinks it's a signal to charge, so they charge. And the sector we charged at, we beat the living hell out of. We got commended for disobeying orders."

"Generally now," said Wiedemann, "it is frowned upon."

"We'd better break this up," said Van Cook, "we got to go to Canada to put on an exhibition."

"The next time you're around," said Loehmann, "get us to tell you about the time we went to Theodore Roosevelt's inauguration in Washington—"

Australia Gets Big Okay

By Pfc. Klaus Mueller

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA —Now that they have unpacked us from the sardine can, everything is all right again, and this is a darned swell country.

The sardine can was our stateroom on the troop transport. There is a slight difference between a troop transport and a luxury liner, and the difference all has to do with the sardine-can angle.

In our case, the difference was even more pointed as two companies of MP's were on my boat. They were tolerable, though, as my outfit has met them before on maneuvers.

We started out by being very lucky with nice staterooms on A-deck, but these were taken over for the hospital so we moved down to C-deck where nine of us lived in a cubby-hole.

The ship was crowded and our thoughts centered around two points: Getting something extra to eat and finding a place to stretch our legs.

I solved the first problem by organizing raids to the hold where we picked up a certain amount of canned rations. The second problem eventually took care of itself, as I was detailed as a machine gunner and slept on the sun deck. At least, I had plenty of fresh air—and at times plenty of rain and smoke too.

I had to spend some time in the stateroom, however. We couldn't even turn around in it, and if there had been any mice (there weren't) they would have bred hunchbacked litters, it was so cramped. The only way we could all get into it at once was to stretch out on our bunks, wrapping our legs around our barracks bags, because there wasn't enough floor space to store our luggage.

Music okay on transport, but no room for you jitterbugs here. Read Pfc. Mueller's revealing story of life aboard a transport and in Australia.

If you can imagine three or four men playing cards on top of three bunks until 1 a.m., using the light of a single 25 watt bulb, smoking all the time, with the port-hole tightly shut because of blackout regulations, and tropical heat over everything, you have some idea of our voyage.

We landed in a quite metropolitan Australian city. It looks very American but with a few European traces, particularly in the architecture. It is spread out like Los Angeles, but with even more parks. The climate is sub-tropical, but it is winter here now, so the rainy season is on.

We work seven days a week from 8:15 in the morning till 5:30 in the afternoon, with an hour off for lunch.

The life here is strictly o.k. People are good to us, and I know many of us are having a better time than we ever had before. The war is very real here, though. The city is blacked out ("browned out," the Aussies call it).

Socially, we are taxed almost beyond our limits, if that is the social way of saying it. We can have all the invitations we want—to dances,

dinners, shows, and week-ends in the country. All the fellows have girl friends. I seem to be the only exception. I still have a fiance.

I haven't heard from her for six months, but still I have a fiance.

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Woman-Soldier Returns From War

"I'm a soldier myself," said Miss Ruth Mitchell, sister of the late Brig. Gen. "Billy" Mitchell, as she faced a battery of photographers and reporters.

She didn't look exactly like a soldier. She was soft-spoken, had reddish hair, wore a broad-brimmed white hat and looked tired. But she explained quickly that she was a full-fledged, sworn-in member of the Chetniks, the fierce, proud organization of Yugoslav guerrilla fighters of both sexes who have been making life one continuous hell for the German conquerors. As a Chetnik she is entitled to wear—and, indeed, will soon be wearing—the Chetnik brown uniform with embroidered black borders and the Russian-type fur cap.

Miss Mitchell had just returned from darkened Europe on the diplomatic exchange ship Drottningholm, bringing with her news about the war's least-known front—the guerrilla warfare in Yugoslavia. But before she got out she had spent some twelve months in at least twelve different Axis prisons and concentration camps.

She joined the Chetniks even before Hitler invaded Yugoslavia and, because she could "ride just about anything on four legs," she became a Chetnik mounted scout. The Chetniks prefer death to capture, and a part of Miss Mitchell's equipment was a small vial of poison sewn into her coat lapel, handy to take in case of capture.

In the swift campaign in Yugoslavia the war collapsed behind Miss Mitchell and she resumed for a time her status as an American neutral. But not for long. While she was swimming one day at Dubrovnik, on the Adriatic Sea, the Gestapo arrested her and put her up before a court-martial on charges of being a British spy. She barely had time to destroy incriminating papers which would have meant certain execution. Even so, the Nazis stuck her in one after another of five Balkan prisons—"anything more filthy doesn't exist"—and after that they sent her on a "tour" of German concentration camps.

In the first three weeks of jail she lost 40 pounds; later, Red Cross food packages distributed to the prisoners once a week saved her from starvation. She told of a "grand old Serb" who was made to stand on burning hot coals before he stood up to face his executioners; of the hanging of a 17-year-old Serb girl on the excuse that "even a little kitten can scratch"; of the mowing down of professional men, teachers and students as the Nazis, in mopping-up operations, moved from village to village in Yugoslavia.

Miss Ruth Mitchell
A Soldier Herself

Gen. Draja Mikhailovitch
The Balkan Warrior

"Let me impress upon you that all you've ever heard or read about the brutality and lust of the Nazi is true and more so," Miss Mitchell said. "Don't be fooled by the arguments that this endless cruelty and debauching of good peoples is only the fault of Hitler and a few high officers.

"In Serbia most of the time it was the regular officers, the men who in times of peace you would have invited into your home, their children playing with yours — these were the men who thought up the most delicate refinements of horrible suffering.

"I feel like the Serb who took his small son to the market place where the bodies of hanged Serbs were turning slowly in the breeze. 'Look,' he muttered fiercely, 'look, and never while you live forget that this is German culture!' "

But if Miss Mitchell was overwhelmed by the cruelties of Axis prisons and their wardens, she was nevertheless willing to talk about the progress of the war in Yugoslavia. The Serbs, she said, were the only so-called occupied people in Europe which still maintained an effective army in the field against the Germans. They had never surrendered; on the contrary, detachments of the Yugoslav Army under regular officers were still fighting.

The Chetniks, Miss Mitchell continued, were originally an auxiliary force, but gradually became more and more important until today they constitute the main source of opposition. She believed the Serbs to be the world's most magnificent guerrilla fighters. Guerrilla warfare was in the national blood, as had been proved by centuries of resistance to the Turkish sultans. Each guerrilla fighter is in himself a single unit, usually operating alone and often making decisions on his own.

At one time after Yugoslavia was "officially" conquered, according to Miss Mitchell, the Chetniks gained at least three-quarters of the country back from the Nazis. For a time, she recalled, Hitler tried to woo the Serbs by making public statements about their "magnificent independent spirit."

But such cajoling failed and today, Miss Mitchell said, there are at least five German and Italian divisions in Yugoslavia.

The Chetniks have constructed several air fields, according to Miss Mitchell, and they hope in time for help from the United Nations. Meanwhile, they get much of their ammunition and all the gas they use by the simple process of "stealing" it from the Germans. Miss Mitchell said they understood perfectly why aid was impossible up to now, and emphasized that there had never been any disposition to blame anyone for not coming to their help.

A large part of most types of guerrilla fighting consists of attacking communications, but in Serbia this did not hold true, Miss Mitchell said, because there were so few communications. Yugoslavia has few roads and only one main railroad. The Chetniks specialize in demolition work, all right, but they demolish Germans rather than bridges or roads.

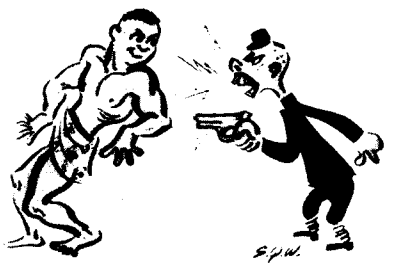
"Of course the Serbs have paid a stiff price for their resistance," Miss Mitchell said. "Three out of every five men in Serbia are dead."

What's a Jap To an Hawaiian?

HONOLULU—Here's a little bit of confidential advice to the Japanese Army:

Tell your boys not to go around shooting at Hawaiians. The Hawaiians are nice, quiet people but if you start shooting a pistol at them, they are liable to lose their temper and kick hell out of you.

That's what happened to a Japanese aviator during the raid on Pearl Harbor. The story took six months to get out of the islands but it's still a very good one.



It seems that on the morning of December 7th, one of the Jap aviators on the Pearl Harbor job made a forced landing on the secluded Hawaiian Island of Niihau, in the backyard of Howard Kaleohano.

What's an Armed Jap?

The Jap was armed to the teeth and in a bad mood but that didn't bother Kaleohano. He ran from his kitchen, hauled the Jap from the cockpit by the scruff of the neck and took his gun away. Then he relieved him of valuable papers and maps and turned him over to local authorities.

The Jap flyer remained in the clink five days. Then a Nipponese fifth columnist sneaked a pistol to him and helped him escape from jail. The Jap went back to Kaleohano, waving the gun and demanding the papers and maps—or else.

Kaleohano told the Jap what he could do. The Jap changed his tune and offered Kaleohano two hundred dollars in cold cash if he would only cough up the valuables. Two hundred bucks on those islands is big dough but Kaleohano merely smiled and told the Jap to go climb a tree.

"Come, come, Mr. Kaleohano," purred the Jap. "I offer you wealth and social position in the new order. A mink coat for your wife and a brand new convertible coupe with a floating shift if you'll only come across with those papers."

"How much would you charge to haunt a house?" replied Mr. Kaleohano, who has an old Olsen and Johnson gag for every occasion.

A Bad Jap Boy

Then the Jap blew up. He stormed around town all day and all the next night, frightening women and children. He threatened to break every window and kill every living person on the island if they didn't give him his maps and documents.

In the midst of this reign of terror, the Jap came across another Hawaiian named Benny Hokoko Kanahele. The Jap didn't like the expression on Kanahele's face and whipped out his pistol.

"I've stood enough of this nonsense," said Kanahele. "If you don't put that cannon away immediately, I'll let you have it."

The Jap paid no attention to the warning, so Kanahele rolled up his sleeves and closed in. The Jap fired three shots.

Now He's Sore

Until then Kanahele had been more or less minding his own business but when the Jap started shooting, he lost his temper. He forgot everything and grabbed the Jap with his bare hands and practically tore him to bits.

That was one Jap flyer who didn't do any more sky sailing for the Emperor.

When the story came to Washington, Secretary of War Stimson sat down and wrote personal letters to Kaleohano and Kanahele, applauding their bravery.

"This action has been brought to the attention of the President, who asked me to commend you for your demonstration of exceptional courage," Stimson wrote. "We on the mainland join all Hawaiians in congratulating you on your great sacrifice and fine accomplishment."

Somebody ought to write to the rest of the Jap aviators, too, and tell them to lay off the Hawaiians if they know what's good for them.

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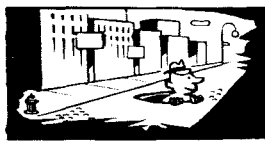

News From Home

Bridgeport, Conn.—Baby Dobrick petitioned the Superior Court to change his name to Carl Arthur Johnson. He wanted to join the Navy, but not with a name like Baby.

Hollywood, Calif.—Victor Mature, the screen's "beautiful hunk of man," enlisted in the Coast Guard with the rank of coxswain. RKO Pictures worried about his unfinished picture, "Sweet and Hot," which they had expected to finish July 22.

New York—The fate of Eng Land, Chinese restaurant proprietor, hangs on a vowel. He has to prove to a court that 10 pounds of rancid fat found on his premises were intended for soap, not soup.

Washington—Newsdealers and other peddlers will not be allowed to board troop trains in the future, says the War Department. They'll have to sell their wares through car windows.

Ft. Hall Indian Reservation, Ida.—The Bannock Indians began their annual four-day sun dance, during which they neither eat nor drink.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Another luxurious local hotel, the Dennis, was taken over by the Army Air Corps. The Ambassador and the Traymore have already been drafted.

Philadelphia—The Securities and Exchange Commission announces Bing Crosby as Hollywood's top money maker. Last year's income: $400,640.

Martinez, Cal.—A truck carrying a cargo of nails sprunk a leak on the Stockton highway. The next 30 motorists along that stretch had flat tires.

Chicago—Montgomery Ward Thorne, eight-year-old mail order heir, can't get along on $500 a month, his mother said in Circuit Court. Montgomery does a lot of entertaining, she explained.

Denver—George Honda, Jap restauranteur charged with killing his wife, wants his trial postponed for the duration. He says the jury would be prejudiced.

Ft. McClellan, Ala.—Soldiers here put eight Anniston restaurants on a blacklist. They claimed the hash-houses upped prices as soon as the new Army pay bill went into effect.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—I. Irving Weissler, bachelor attorney, wrote an answer to a magazine article, "All the Best Men Are Married." Weissler said he wasn't married but could be had. He got 500 proposals.

Columbus, Ohio—Harold Gamso didn't have a word to say when he registered in the 18-20-year draft. The registrar was his mother.

St. Joseph, Mo.—A local man divorced his wife. His parents adopted her and now she's his sister.

Oakland, Cal.—Donald Kolb took a friend for a motorcycle ride. He got a ticket which accused him of reckless driving, speeding, cutting in, failure to obey traffic signals, driving without a license, operating an unregistered vehicle, failure to give hand signal, improper muffler and carrying a passenger without a tandem seat.

St. Louis, Mo.—The foreman of a metal shop here has a sure cure for careless workers who don't wear goggles on the job. He hands them a glass eye.

San Diego, Cal.—Robert Ollie Duke, young Negro charged with stealing an overcoat, walked into court wearing it.

Lee, Mass.—Pres. Roosevelt motored here from Hyde Park, N. Y., to have lunch with Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands at the home of her daughter, the Crown Princess Juliana.

Hollywood, Cal.—Jackie Cooper registered for the draft.

Cleveland—Restrictions on bathing attire here are out for the duration, said Parks Director Bill Reed. A bare midriff saves cloth needed in war production, he said.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Anthracite coal production for the first five months of 1942 is up 1,972,000 tons over the same period last year.

New York—Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, speaking at a USO ceremony, told 60 mothers that he will ask Congress to pass a law allowing newspapers to publish the reason why any able-bodied man is deferred by his draft board.

St. Louis, Mo.—Army officials expressed interest in a new plan for converting delivery trucks into ambulances during emergencies.

Denver—No volunteer Red Cross workers will be sent abroad, said Mrs. Richard Swigart, assistant director. Some women, she said, offer to donate ambulances if they can go over and drive them.

Washington—The War Production Board issued an order continuing curtailment of safety razor and blade production. Manufacturers may not produce more than 70 per cent of their 1940 average. It was expected that razors will be made of plastic soon, but not blades.

Chillicothe, Ohio—Dr. D. R. Dodd, crop production expert, is worrying about pasturage for livestock. Farmers are converting all acreage into grain, he claims. And that ain't hay.

Chicago—Father John A. Fedor delivered a right to the jaw of Thomas Tomczynski, whom he found trying to rob the church poorbox. Tomczynski, in jail, ruefully reported that the priest had a good right.

Boston—Massachusetts had to get along without bonfires this Fourth of July. Governor Saltonstall ruled them out because of shipping danger created by the glow.

Pueblo, Colo.—C. O. Clark, blind since 1900, saw his wife for the first time when a delicate operation restored partial vision to him. The Clarks have been married 36 years.

Ft. Des Moines, Ia.—Miss Catherine van Rensselaer, 43, was named physical education director of WAAC officer candidates. Among other things, she helped push stalled ambulances and trucks out of the mud during World War I.

Easthampton, Mass.—Gregory Carhart, 29, who once threatened to "shoot it out" with anyone who tried to draft him, passed his preliminary physical examination without gunplay.

Stern Park Gardens, Ill.—This unincorporated town, near Joliet, will rename itself Lidice, to commemorate the Bohemian village which was "exterminated" by the Nazis after the assassination of Reinhard Heydrich.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Soldiers can get married here free. Walter M. Mumma, register of deeds for Dauphin County, pays the license fee himself. The offer is good for non-coms only.

Omaha, Nebraska—Father Flanagan, founder and director of Boys Town, wired Governor Olsen of California, asking a pardon for a 14-year-old murderer confined to San Quentin prison. The boy, Barney Lee, is serving a sentence of five years to life for the slaying of his uncle. "I want to give him a real home here at Boys Town," said Father Flanagan.

Cambridge, Mass.—For the first time in the history of Harvard University, girls are sitting in on regular classes. Previously they were admitted only to the summer classes, but with the war most of the male undergraduates are studying through the summer and the girls are admitted to their classes.

Hollywood—Warner Brothers is filming Joseph E. Davies' book, "Mission to Moscow." The 232 citizens of Moscow, Ida., asked the studio to hold the premiere there. Warners sent regrets and a copy of the book for the Moscow public library.

Oakland, Cal.—Two old cars of New York City's elevated railway system arrived here, the first of 92 to be used to transport shipyard workers between Oakland and Richmond.

Des Moines, Ia.—Cornhusking contests in 11 midwestern states have been canceled for the duration, in the interests of rubber conservation.

San Francisco, Cal.—John Yakavenko claimed a world's record in riveting, with a score of 2,359 rivets in eight hours. Officials at the Richmond Shipyard No. 2, where he did his riveting, said the previous eight-hour record was 1,800.

Indianapolis—South Dakota can have its two August electrocutions after all. The state was unable to get an electric chair because of priorities. Indiana has volunteered to lend South Dakota a chair.

New York—Eight Bronx housewives paid the court a dollar each for violation of an ordinance which forbids card-playing in city parks. Their bridge game had been reported to the police by Park Commissioner Moses, who saw them while driving by in his car.

Denver—Mrs. Agnes Reid Tammen, Colorado's No. 1 woman citizen, died after a long illness. She was widely known for her philanthropies.

South Bend, Ind.—Sister M. Angelam of Holy Cross College enjoyed her first full day of rest after 18 months of hiccoughing. An operation was necessary to stop the spasm, which surgeons blamed on a diseased condition of the phrenic nerve.

New York—The opening night of Irving Berlin's all-soldier show, "This Is the Army," grossed $50,000 for Army relief. Highest price for seats came from Kate Smith, who paid $10,000 for a pair of $27.50 ducats.

Las Vegas, Nev.—Hoot Gibson, hard-riding cowboy star of the silent films, married 22-year-old Dorothy Dunstan of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., a yodeler in his traveling rodeo show.

"What makes you think the WAAC's are coming to this camp?"

Jarke Tries 6 Ways To Duck Draft

CHICAGO — Raymond Francis Jarke, 24 and healthy, apparently prefers to retain his civilian status.

He is accused by a U. S. attorney with trying the following tricks to avoid the draft:

Taking a war job.

Getting married.

Submitting to an unnecessary appendicitis operation.

Winning induction postponement due to badly burned fingers.

Developing a skin rash apparently from taking too many bromides.

Moving to Wisconsin.

Nabbed when he returned to Chicago for a visit, he faces trial for failure to report for Army service.

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The Mystery of the Roped Lion, Or a Cowboy's Night in Town

MUSKOGEE, Okla.—The cowboy turned pale the next morning when police showed him a securely tied lion they had found in the trunk campartment of his car, but he stuck to his story.

"Me and John just roped it down the road," he had explained the evening before.

"Me and John," he said the next morning, "saw this critter loping down the road last night. It sure looked like a lion but we figured that was on account of the stuff we'd been drinking.

"I got out on the running board and John drove alongside him and I got a rope on the sucker. When I reared back that big boy came up and slapped me with his paw and I knew then that I had hold of a lion.

"Reckon I'd have been chewed to pieces if John hadn't jumped out and got another rope on him and took a hitch around a tree. Then we tied him up and pitched him in the car."

Nobody knew what had happened to John between the capture of the lion and the arrest of the cowboy. It was believed that he had sobered up first and fled.

Police told the cowboy that he was free to go, providing he would take his lion with him.

Home-Made Steam Car Solves Gasoline Problem

CHICAGO.—Eighteen-year-old Richard Race has his own solution to the gasoline-rationing problem. With pieces of salvage from a junk yard, he has built an old-fashioned steam automobile.

The chassis is a pre-World War Ford. There is a boiler which once supplied a tailor with steam. Locomotive power is furnished by a steam engine from an old water pump and an old 35-gallon tank holds the water.

The car can go 20 miles per hour, but there is one catch—it still needs that rubber.

RAF Lands, Situation Is Slightly Sad

NEW YORK—Stanley Smith is an RAF boy. He came to town after his graduation from an Ontario training camp to see the town. One morning he found that he couldn't see New York very well from his third-story window at Sloane House. He stretched his neck out a little too far. The Smith body, which had exhibited perfect balance in simulated dogfights, followed his neck out the window.

Down fell Stanley Smith. Below him, in an alley, a homeless Negro was sleeping. The Smith body crashed on the Negro's recumbent torso. The possessor of the torso went to a hospital with internal injuries. Smith escaped with a fractured right wrist.

More Home News

"You can pull my udder, if I'm not going all out for victory," ruminates this benign looking bossy with a vengeful "V". Bossy, they say, is really giving for the boys at Fort Jackson, and her sisters are making dairy production boom in the United States to meet the needs of the training camps. Do you miss that old milking stool, soldier?

It's the Lemon in You, Soldier—That Does It

WILMINGTON, Del.—Scientists at the DuPont laboratory have figured out why lemonade is such a good safeguard against the heat. It's the vitamin C, and only fifty-millionths of one gram of vitamin C—plus a pinch of B_1 and a sprinkle of plain B—can prevent heat prostration. That's all, soldier, if you can find the pinch of plain B.

Old Guns Go Back to Work

GREAT LAKES, Ill.—Relics of other wars — guns captured from the Germans in 1917, rifles from the Spanish at Manila and automatic three-pounders salvaged from the blown-up Maine — were among the scrap contributions by the Great Lakes Naval Station for the nation's war steel production.

Kunze Faces Spy Trial

NEW YORK.—Gerard Wilhelm Kunze, pro-Hitler head of the German-American Bund, is in the custody of the FBI here on a charge of failing to receive permission from his draft board to leave the country. He was arrested in Mexico at the request of American authorities. P. B. Foxworth, head of the New York FBI office, said that Kunze will be taken to Hartford, Conn., after his arraignment here to face trial on an espionage charge.

Phoney Naval Officer Finds Landlubbers Have a Brig, Too

"Listen," the guy said, "I'm a naval officer, see? A lieutenant-commander, see? Lemme look at the dough in your pocket."

The civilian passed over his wallet.

"Just as I thought," the guy said. "Hot money. Spy money. I got to take it to Washington to have it checked. That money comes from Axis agents, see?"

The civilian saw. The lieutenant-commander walked away, and kept on walking. He wasn't a lieutenant-commander at all. He was a 22 year old fake named Edward Stephen Horton, and his uniform came from an Army-Navy store that forgot to ask questions. Blond, handsome, Horton is a deserter from the Royal Canadian Air Force and the possessor of a yellow ticket from the U. S. Army.

Horton had been getting away with his impersonation for some time, and he might still be getting away with it if he hadn't started fooling around with a Cold Spring, N. Y., factory that is manufacturing dies for rifle production.

With a shotgun resting incongruously on one shoulder board, Horton approached the watchman of the factory and told him that he was taking the plant over on behalf of the Navy. The watchman called the cops. The cops nailed Horton.

When Horton's story was told, it turned out to be a long one. Recently he visited five bungalows at Lake Oscawana, N. Y., pretending to be a provost marshal searching for escaped Nazi spies. It was in these bungalows that he pulled his hot money gag.

Later he held an Oscawana man and woman at the point of a gun while he robbed them of $10. Horton then "kidnapped" them and forced them to drive him some miles in the country.

Now Horton, no longer a lieutenant-commander, but merely jail bait, sits in jail at Carmel, N. Y. After they've finished with the charges of kidnapping, robbery, burglary and illegal possession of firearms which have been lodged against him, they'll get around to a Federal charge of impersonating an officer of the U .S. Navy.

Crime doesn't pay, boys — not even in uniform.

A Special Assignment, No Volunteers, Please

BIRMINGHAM, Ala. — "Car x-y-3," the police radio called, "car x-y-3! Go to Third Avenue and 14th Street! A nude woman running down the street!"

There was a pause and then: "All other cars remain on your beat. That is all."

Orders Is Orders

"One sentry shall walk this post continuously in opposite directions."
Order posted at McClellan Field

"It will rain today by order of Major Seltzer."
Camp Wolters Bulletin Board

"Sorry about tonight, boys. The wife just joined the WAAC's, and now I'm on K. P.!"

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True to form, it was a.....

Deadly Fourth

AAF USES 'HOLIDAY' WEEK TO TOUCH OFF NEW AIR OFFENSIVES ON THREE FRONTS

THE U. S. Army Air Forces made their formal fighting debuts on three new fronts last week.

In Asia, deep in the interior of Free China, American airmen chose the Fourth of July as a fitting day on which to discard the Chinese insignias they had been wearing as members of the American Volunteer Group and to challenge the Japanese as a full-fledged American Army unit.

In North Africa, U. S. Army flyers teamed up with the R. A. F. in a sustained effort to stop the Nazi panzer divisions pushing toward Alexandria and the Suez Canal.

Over Nazi-controlled Europe the long-awaited American participation in bombing raids materialized with a Fourth of July hedge-hopping expedition into occupied Holland.

It was an Air Force week, and event piled on event to testify to the growing effectiveness and ever-widening range of American air power. As U. S. flyers last week flew and fought over Asia, Africa and Europe, they demonstrated as never before the global nature of World War II.

TO the heroic Chinese, who last week marked the fifth anniversary of the start of their war with Japan and who have helplessly had to watch their cities laid waste by unopposed Japanese bombers, the presence of a strong American air unit operating from Chinese bases was a welcome relief.

The Japs, of course, thought differently, and during the week the Tokyo radio was heard boastfully to proclaim that Jap flyers would soon "blast the new United States Air Forces out of China." Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, commander of American airmen in China, took up the challenge by assuring the enemy of a "cheery welcome" and adding the hope that "we soon get a chance to meet them."

At dawn on Independence Day the general's hope came true. Over Hengyang, much-bombed railway center between Canton, the metropolis of South China, and Hankow, populous city on the Yangtze in central China, the Americans met and engaged three waves of Japanese fignter-escorted bombers. Score for the first "cheery welcome": five Japanese planes downed against no announced U. S. losses.

As an added touch, the next day General Chennault's men "welcomed" the Japs in China by bombing their big base at Hankow, headquarters for Japanese operations in central China. From last week's operations in China one thing appeared certain. The Japanese in occupied China could no longer count on immunity from air attack, as they had done for so long in the past against a non-existent Chinese air force.

FOR months traffic on the Ferry Command route to the Near and Middle East has been heavy. Last week the route's facilities were being used even more, and for a good reason. Unexpectedly, almost overnight, the highly mechanized German Afrika Korps under Marshal Erwin von Rommel advanced to within 65 miles of Alexandria and the Nile Valley. The United Nations were threatened not only with the loss of the entire eastern Mediterranean but also with the prospect of surrendering to Hitler such prizes as the Suez Canal and the Mosul and Anglo-Iranian oil fields.

To save that vital area aid had to be sent and sent quickly—not in a few weeks or months but within a few days. The usual sea route from England or America around the Cape of Good Hope and up to Red Sea ports was hopelessly slow for such urgencies. The trip through the Mediterranean was too dangerous. That left only the well-defined air route across the southern Atlantic and the bulge of Africa as the major alternative.

As reinforcements piled into Egypt by air last week, U. S. Army bombers joined with the R. A. F. in a never-ending series of raids on Rommel's supply bases and communications. Aerial action in the Middle East last week was on a scale never before equalled outside Britain and Germany. And as American bombers dropped tons of explosives on Benghazi and Tobruk and Mersa Matruh, up nearer the front British Spitfires, making their maiden appearance in the Middle East, took a heavy toll of German Stukas. At week's end the Battle for Egypt had not been decisively won for the Allies, but prospects were brighter than they had been for days.

THE London headquarters of Maj. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander of the newly created European theatre of operations of the U. S. Army, issued last week its Communique No. 1. "For the first time," the communique read, "United States Air Force crews were in offensive action in German-occupied territory today." Six U. S. bombers, in joint operation with the R. A. F., flew at near-zero altitude over German airdromes in The Netherlands, bombing and setting fire to hangars and strafing Luftwaffe personnel.

Not a big affair, the raid was nevertheless important as the herald of bigger, better, heavier ones to come. Admittedly only a sample of future action, it was still a warning to the Axis that the time was not far off when we—and not the enemy, as heretofore—would be choosing the time and place for fighting. The second front was looking up.

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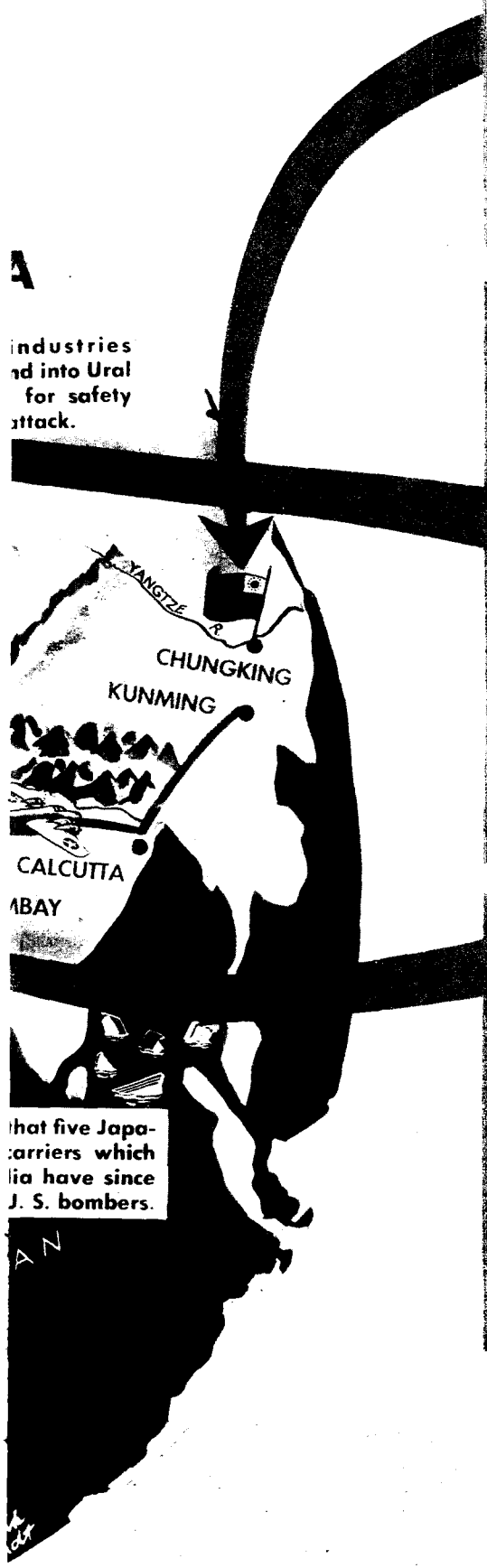
1. CHINA

Up till now the Japs have used only second-rate, even obsolete aircraft in China. Against no opposition inferior airplanes seemed adequate. Last week, as the U. S. Army's 23rd Pursuit Group swung into action in central China, the Japs paid the Americans the compliment of sending along with their bombers escorts of fast, highly maneuverable Zero-type fighters. Most of the Americans had met these Zeros before in Burma, where they served as the American Volunteer Group (A. V. G.) under nominal Chinese command. The fighting in China centered along the Canton-Hankow railway. U. S. flyers, under command of that veteran Jap fighter, Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, helped defending Chinese troops by challenging the Mikado's flyers over Chengyang, where they shot down five planes, and by bombing Jap bases and troop concentrations at Hankow and Nanchang. Significantly, Japs are finding no time this summer to indulge in their usual indiscriminate pastime of bombing Chungking, Free China's temporary capital.



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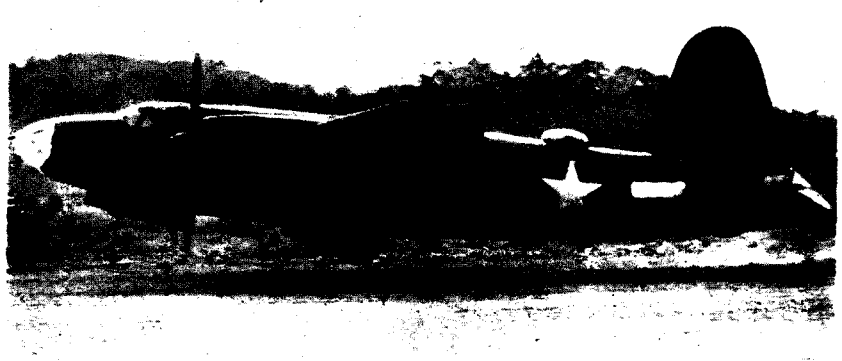
2. THE WESTERN FRONT

"Thank you, America," was what the Prime Minister of the Dutch Government-in-exile in London said when he learned that six crews of U. S. airmen had made the first American sortie in Europe over occupied Holland. American planes were the A-20-A type, called Bostons by the British. They are manned by a crew of three, carry a 1,000-pound bomb load and have a top speed of 350 miles an hour. Of the six sent over The Netherlands, two are missing. Returning flyers reported damage to buildings, hangars and aircraft on the ground at two Dutch airdromes and at a third noted that about 150 Germans in flying kit were "caught flat-footed, as if on payday parade." They dispersed in all directions as the bomber's front guns strafed them with heavy machine-gun fire. First American hero of our forces in Europe was Captain Charles C. Kegelman, of El Reno, Okla., who piloted one of the six light bombers. Over one airdrome the propeller and nose section of his starboard engine was shot off, there were bullet holes in the tail section and the engine was on fire. He hit the ground, damaged the starboard wing and knocked a large hole in the bottom of the fuselage. Recovering control, he took off, silenced a flak tower firing on him and continued home on one engine, the fire having died out by that time. Maj. Gen. Eisenhower awarded the Distinguished Service Cross to Captain Kegelman, who thus became the first soldier of our forces in Europe to be decorated for gallantry in action.

3. THE MIDDLE EAST

What with Sevastopol lost last week after a long and heroic siege, it was more vital than ever that the Nazis be stopped in Egypt's western desert short of Alexandria and the Nile Valley. Sevastopol was at the top end of the Nazis' pincers movement designed to encircle and capture the Middle East; Alexandria was at the bottom end. But, as announced by Prime Minister Churchill in the House of Commons last week, upward of 50,000 Imperials had been captured and a staggering loss of materiel had been suffered in the Libyan Desert fighting. Only British and U. S. air power seemed to stand between the Nazis and the Nile. U. S. big bombers, mainly the four-engined Consolidated B-24's, known as Liberators, roamed far and wide over Axis-held territory, contributed immeasurably to the job of holding the Nazis some 65 miles west of Alexandria. Meanwhile, the British rushed reserves of men and equipment from Syria and Palestine.



While taking a good hefty sock at Jap bases, a lucky hit from a Zero fighter damaged the landing gear of the Army B-26 Bomber. The wheels could be lowered only slightly. In this spectacular shot, the pilot, nothing daunted, skims in for a landing at Port Moresby, New Guinea. Can he make it?

Everybody safe! The skill of the American pilot at taking "belly flops" and the tough construction of the American plane saves the day for a plane the Japs probably chalked up as "downed." Not one of the crew was injured in the landing, though ground was torn up for yards behind the bomber.

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OLGA, THE VITAL COG

NOMINATED for this week's grand prize—a box of ginger cookies and a one-way ticket to Moosejaw, Saskatchewan—is little Miss Olga McCleery who works at the quartermaster laundry.

Miss McCleery is a vital cog in the war effort.

She is the lady who punches all the holes in the tops of soldiers' socks. Her assistant ties the socks together with heavy cord in knots that cannot be cut, neither can they be untied. If she is a good assistant and devises better and harder knots, she may some day be promoted and permitted to punch the holes.

But we are not talking of the assistant. We are talking of Miss McCleery herself.

Miss McCleery's work is hard. Sometimes a sock comes back to the laundry so many times that there are dozens and dozens of holes punched in it. Miss McCleery has to look and look to find a place to punch another hole. These holes are necessary for tying the socks together.

Miss McCleery is a cheery and a conscientious worker. She likes to punch holes. Before she started working for the quartermaster laundry she was a vital cog in the telephone exchange in town. She was the lady whose voice came over the wire saying, "I'm sorry; your three minutes are up."

Let us praise the work of Miss McCleery. If she continues to do the work she is doing now, the quartermaster laundry will give her a promotion.

They will give her a white collar job.

She will be in charge of the Element of Surprise Department. All she will have to do all day long is to take drab white undershirts from people's laundry and substitute cotton polo shirt that say "U. S. Army—Fort Leonard Wood" on the front.

After the war, she can go back to the telephone exchange and tell customers their three minutes are up.

Cpl. Marion Hargrove.

"We do it with dogs back in the States—on a somewhat smaller scale, of course!"

UPLIFT!

THE END OF THE LINE

In line for beans, in line for beer,
In line to use up half the year.
Make up your mind to stand all day,
The line will never break your way.
We wait for pay, we wait for mail,
We wait and think our chow grows stale.
The moon rides up, the sun falls down,
The lines grow longer, trees turn brown.
Sweat out your leave, sweat out the breaks,
You'll never know the time it takes.
When there's a day you're not in line
You may be nearing eighty-nine.

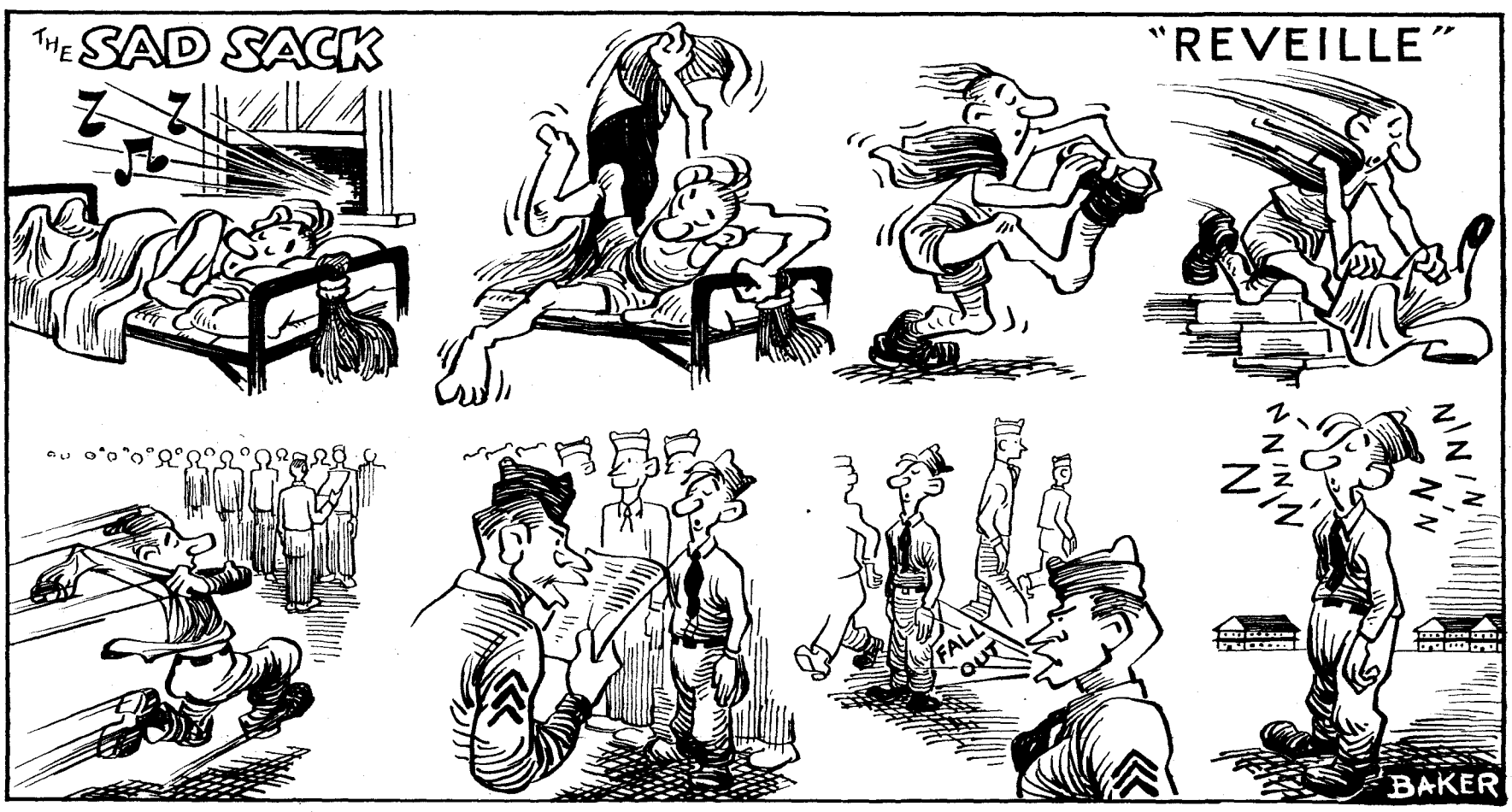
Pfc. John Hay.

JUNIOR BIRDMEN OF AMERICA ITEM . . .

HOT from the A.P. wire comes this item: a sign has been posted over the bar in an Officer's Club in San Juan reading: "Positively no alcoholic beverages will be sold to Air Force lieutenant colonels under twenty-one unless accompanied by their parents."

YANK immediately assigned its San Juan correspondent, Private (last class) Vladimir Schultz, to investigate an ugly rumor that Lt.-Col. "X" had fallen from his high chair while piloting a bomber and suffered a nasty gash on the forehead. There is not a word of truth to it.

What happened was this: "X" lost his popsicle out the window while dropping hot pennies on the field attendants, and while trying to recover it fell out the window himself. Being minus a parachute he made one from a pair of diapers he was wearing. They were, however, in such soggy condition that they held no wind (for the first time in days) and he fell heavily to earth. In this way he suffered the bruises which started said rumor.



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Flight To Glory

This is the first in a series which YANK will carry from time to time on our enlisted heroes —real stories, taken from facts, not fiction.

By Sgt. J. Denton Scott
YANK Staff Writer

Ten Zeros dived, peeled off, and faded away to specks in the sky. Below, on the island of Java, 18 American citizens rose slowly to their feet. They had been lying on their stomachs while the Japs machine-gunned the ground.

In the rush of abandoning Java, the 18 Americans had been left behind. Now, huddled near a deserted and bomb-scarred airfield, they were looking desperately around for guidance. The only uniform in the place belonged to Master Sergeant Harry Hayes. The only man among the 18 who could fly was a young volunteer pilot named Cherry Mission.

The airfield was a mess. Scattered about its tarmac were four crippled planes, one B-18 and three Flying Fortresses. Mission, a small man, pointed to the B-18. "It's a wreck," he said, "but it's the only one I can fly. I'm pursuit, and that's all."

"I'm not even pursuit," Sgt. Hayes said. He glanced at the sky. "But we've got to get out of here. Fast."

Mission climbed into the B-18. No good. The motor was as dead as a Jap's honor. His face grim, Mission got out of the plane. "It won't work," he said.

Sergeant Hayes didn't say anything. He went to the plane, looked at the motor, took off his shirt and went to work.

He worked on the motor for two full days. His daily nourishment was three sandwiches and a little water. And on the third day the motor was repaired. The B-18 would fly.

But on the third day the Zeros came again. Concentrated machine-gun fire reduced Sgt. Hayes handiwork into rag-doll scraps. The 18 Americans, including Mission's young wife, were worse off than they had been before.

Sgt. Hayes still kept his mouth shut. He sized up the three Flying Fortresses on the field. Once brilliant giants of the air, they were now useless hulks. When the Japs came again, Hayes knew, they wouldn't waste bullets on ruined planes. Their slugs would be for the "American intruders."

Sgt. Hayes left the little group on the airfield. The 18 puzzled Americans waited for his return. They didn't have long to wait. In 15 minutes Hayes was back, with 60 Dutchmen. He showed them the planes, spoke to them quietly.

The 60 Dutchmen went willingly to work to help the desperate Americans. They stripped two of the Flying Fortresses, taking everything of use and transferring it to the third plane, the least damaged of the three.

In 72 hours the motors of the Flying Fortress were working. There was still plenty to do, though. The wings of the plane were in tatters. The tail was shot away. There weren't any wing flaps at all.

"I don't think we can get her off the ground," Mission said.

"We've got to," was all Hayes replied.

In four days the big plane was repaired. It looked like a jig-saw puzzle imperfectly put together, but it looked as though it might fly. Everything in the interior had been stripped out. Parachutes, seats, everything.

"We need the space," Hayes said. "Eighteen people take up a lot of room."

Sgt. Hayes called the group before him. "I want you to know," he said, "that you are putting your lives in my hands. I have never flown a plane before. I don't know how long this plane will stay together. I can't even promise you that she'll get off the ground, or that I can get her off. If the Japs attack us while we're in the air we won't have a chance. If anyone thinks he or she will be safer here, he is quite free to stay."

". . . Zeros dived . . . Peeled off . . . The airfield was a mess . . ."

No one wanted to stay.

Quietly, tensely, the 18 filed into the plane. They sat down on the bare floors. Sgt. Hayes and Mission took over the seats of pilot and co-pilot. Hayes started the motors, and one by one they coughed and burst into noisy life. As they warmed Hayes studied the unfamiliar controls.

Unheard above the roar of the Fortress's four motors, seven Zeros dropped from the sky. Machine-gun bullets slapped the side of the plane and cut through the thin metal. The 18 Americans huddled against the floor.

Sgt. Hayes' hand moved toward the throttle. Mission stopped him. "For God's sake, Hayes," he said. "Don't take off now. They'll shoot us down like an October duck."

Hayes waited. For ten minutes death hovered over the plane as the Zeros spat bullets at it. And then the Zeroes, satisfied that they had done their job, disappeared toward the horizon. Sgt. Hayes and Mission surveyed the damage. It was negligible, and no one had been killed. But a bullet might have done something to the plane that wouldn't show up until it tried to take off. No time to think of that now, though. The chance had to be taken.

Sgt. Hayes' hand moved forward on the throttle. The great ship moved down the runway, gathering speed. It wobbled slightly as it moved, but it held together.

Faster and faster went the Fortress. Then Mission's face went white. "Hayes," he shouted in the pilot's ear, "even an empty Fortress needs a 3,000 foot runway to lift. This one isn't more than 2,800, and were filled. Move that stick gently, boy. Move it gently."

Sgt. Hayes moved it gently. The Fortress lifted off the ground, came down, bounced. Not yet, he thought.

Mission watched the manifold pressure climb from 46 to 50, four points above danger. Once more Hayes' hands pulled the controls back. This time the Fortress lifted. Her engines wheezing, her once smooth lines wobbling like a wounded bird, she went into the air. Crouched in the fuselage, the 18 Americans saw trees flash by underneath them. Minutes passed, and they were over the Sea of Timor.

The sea was a black, foreboding face beneath them, and the sky was a darkness from which Zeroes might swoop at any moment. The motors coughed unsteadily. Mission, his eyes on the horizon, offered navigation advice from time to time. His wife acted as observer.

Without maps, without instruments, and at the controls a man who had never flown a plane before, the Flying Fortress moved over the sea toward Australia. Hours passed, and then Mission pointed ahead. "Land," he said.

The north coast of Australia hove into view. But things weren't finished yet. The toughest job of all—setting the plane down—remained to be done. For all they knew, they might be landing in Japanese-held territory.

"There's a clearing near that beach," Mission said. "Maybe you can set her down easy and run up the beach."

Hayes nodded, and the nose of the Fortress pointed down. This was the worst moment of all.

The Fortress hit the beach hard, staggered, jounced, and leveled off. Twenty people stepped out on the free earth of Australia. The man who had never flown a plane before had made it.

Sgt. Hayes looked back at the sky through which they had come. "I'd like to be a real pilot someday," he said.

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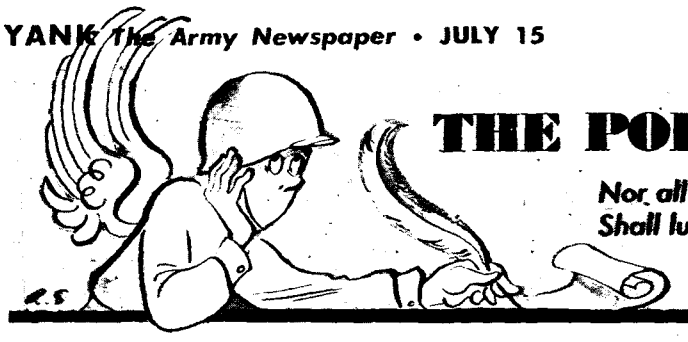


THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

THE MARINES

The Marines, the Marines, those blasted Gyrenes,
Those sea-going bellhops, those brass-button queens.
Oh! They pat their own backs, write stories in reams
All in praise of themselves—the U. S. Marines!
The Marines, the Marines, those publicity fiends,
They built all the forests, turned on all the streams,
Discontent with this earth they say Heaven's scenes
Are guarded by—guess?—Right! The U. S. Marines!
The moon never beams except when the Marines
Give it permission to turn on its gleams,
And the tide never rises, the wind never screams
Unless authorized to by the U. S. Marines!
The Marines, the Marines in their khakis and greens,
Their pretty blue panties, red stripe down the seams,
They thought all the thoughts, dreamed all the dreams,
Singing "The Song of Myself"—The U. S. Marines!

2nd Lt. Earl J. Wilson

"SECRETS OF A SELECTEE"

I've talked to lads of every walk,
And lots of lads to me.
About the jobs that they once had,
And things they'd planned to be.
About the raise there would have been,
Had they not been inducted.
About that case of solid love
The draft had interrupted.
I've talked to lads who had no goal,
No mark wherewith to aim at.
Who thought that life and all therein
Was meant to wax profane at.
I've talked to those who never had
A home with friends and dear ones.
Conversed with those who had degrees,
And too, some mighty queer ones.
I've heard our land, our President,
Our Congress and our Houses
Discussed in terms, both pro and con;
Heard Nazis labeled louses.
But when the breeze of talk has died,
Each man, without exception
Would give his all for Glory's cause,
And that's no misconception.

Sgt. Gail D. Salley

"FALL IN"

There was the guy, defective of ear.
A cannon could roar, but he couldn't hear.
Rejected and home, he'd always complain,
Of the neighbors upstairs, their kids playin' train.
There was the man, defective of eye.
They showed him a chart he never could spy.
Back on the street, some sweet thing in pink.
Would pass 'neath his gaze, he'd give her the wink.
And lastly, the one, who's molars were shot.
Chew, no siree, he simply could not.
But show him a steak as tough as they come.
He'd stow it, my friend, he wasn't so dumb.
But all of these guys are due for a hitch
Examining boards have made a slight switch.
They're not so severe (New Army Decree).
They'll teach them to bite, to hear and to see.

Sgt. G. S.

MAIL CALL

London

DEAR YANK:

Where do these English bartenders get that way? Being strictly a nickel beer guy from the East Side, I think I know how I like to drink it. But when I squawk about the lukewarm suds they hand you over here, the guy at the stick tells me we don't know how to drink beer. Can't we detail a few soldier bartenders into the pubs to wise them up?

SGT. BILL HART

Warm beer in England is as traditional as afternoon tea, and there probably isn't much you can do about it. As for the soldier bartenders, Yank understands they are being saved for Berlin.

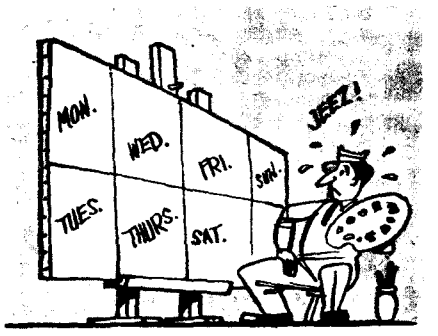
Northern Ireland

DEAR YANK:

Can **mail call** do something about the mail set-up here? We have a Pfc. who yells it out just before chow and I know damn well he loses mail, or holds it back if he has a mad on against you.

DISGRUNTLED PRIVATE

You are wrong, Private. Mail comes next to food as an important factor as far as our army is concerned. You can be 100% sure the orderly room isn't fooling around with anybody's mail. If it is, report your squawk to your first sergeant.



DEAR YANK:

I am a sensitive soul, or was, until they took my pallet and brush away and put a G. I. shovel in my mitts. Briefly, I was an artist in civilian life. I will be the first to grant that the army has put me in better physical shape than ever before, but my beef is that the army gives an artist a helluva kicking around. It's a damn shame for I think they are trying not to. The program is okay, but here's what happened here: The camp gets an allotment to redecorate the mess hall, the officer in charge summons the artists, and says something like this—"there are 240 square feet to be painted, you have ten days to do the job in, and I want 24 square feet done each day or you will be loafing, boys. Furthermore, I know nothing about art BUT . . ." How can an artist work that way, YANK? Can you help us guys?

Yrs.
CPL. M. M.

You can't expect to work in civilian comfort in the army, Corporal, though we'll admit the situation you've described is a little grim. Probably the C. O. on your art project is tougher than most and not basically an art man. There's been some good army art, so the setup can't be all cockeyed, and maybe you'll hit a better spot soon.

Camp Barkeley, Texas

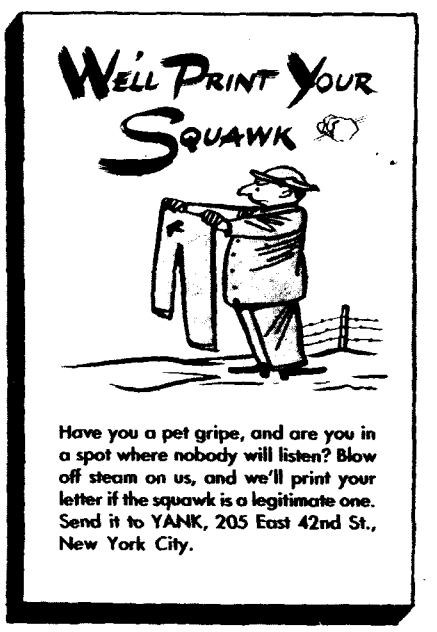
DEAR YANK:

What's the story on shoes? Can you wear your own in the Army, you know, what they call half shoes? Or do you have to wear those claw hoppers? I notice the officers don't wear them. We've got a top kick out here who's bad as a woman. If he has a mad on, you can't wear your own shoes. If he feels happy you can.

Once and for all. What does the rule book say so I can let him have it?

PFC. F. J.

AR 600-40: Shoes, low—May be worn with plain tan (or brown) socks by officers and enlisted men when prescribed by the commanding officer.



Have you a pet gripe, and are you in a spot where nobody will listen? Blow off steam on us, and we'll print your letter if the squawk is a legitimate one. Send it to YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

TWO CENTS WORTH

IT didn't surprise us in the least to learn that most of the 18-year-olds who registered for the latest draft wanted to get into the Air Force, which is, as we understand it, an up-and-coming organization. What does cause us to catch our breath, though, is the attitude of the very young generation, the gentlemen aged from 4 to 7. We spoke to one of these boys the other morning. He was small and blond and certainly wasn't a day over 5. "What branch of the service would you pick, chum?" we asked him. He took a hitch in his rompers. "Hell," he said, "I want to get in a Rocket Pistol Battalion."

THIS dirty fighting business may be all right for now, but for the last few nights we have lain awake wondering what effect it will have on male conduct after the war. Suppose you're in a saloon and somebody comes up to you and says, "Boy, you've got a big snoot." In 1940 you'd have popped him one and let it go at that. After the war, however, you might be tempted to give him the knee, strangle him, do a little gouging on the side, and generally muss him up. That sort of thing isn't going to look so well on a blotter, boys. Better learn control along with the groin-grinding.

WAR breeds health, among other things. According to the British Minister of Health, the English are in better shape than they were in 1939. This makes us feel fine, for if there's one thing we're worried about these days, it's our health. Already we have dreamed up a picture of ourself, returning after being caught for three days in a shell hole between some lines. "Geez, I feel swell," we will be thinking. "That old shell hole was just what I needed. In the last three days my vision has improved 20%, I'm 12 pounds heavier, I can hold my breath 2 minutes, and all my old smallpox scars have disappeared." Ask us about this again in 1943, will you?

YANK

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205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

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YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
5¢ JULY 15, 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 5
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

TRIBUTE

"Nice goin', feller."

Somewhere along the line of competitive sports in America, that single phrase of congratulation seems to have sprung up universally as a sort of token of admiration from one good man to another.

It went from the high schools and colleges into the Army, just as did the coordination and the teamwork that the men brought with them into uniform.

At this stage in the game it's about time we used that phrase—used it in the sense a back would use it when his interference ploughed through and took out the secondary for a good, long gain.

Only this time it's vastly more important, and our admiration is vastly more deeply felt.

This time it's from one army of fighters to another.

It's from the men who were on Wake and Midway and Bataan—deadly scrappers themselves — to the men who withstood eight months of pounding before they finally gave up a pile of rubble to the other side.

It's from battle-scarred U. S. troops to men who absorbed 30,000 artillery shells, 20,000 mortar shells and 15,000 bombs in three days —and still held on.

To men who kept on firing even though 20 dive bombers screamed down to knock out just one AA gun.

To fighters who stood off 14 divisions, 400 tanks and 900 planes and who flung back death and destruction at the enemy even when they knew, at last, that they were through.

So, like the back who has taken a pounding himself and knows what it must have been like in the line, we salute the defenders of Sevastopol.

We know—somewhere here in the first quarter—that we've both been in a fight, and that we're still in it, and that we'll both be here when the other side's gone.

And we know, because we've dished it out and taken it, too, that we've got what it takes to win this one.

To a gallant mate on the most powerful combination in the world: "Nice goin'—damned nice!"

THE HAUNTED HOUSE . . .

. . . WASN'T SO HAUNTED

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Surprise

Among the prisoners taken by the British at El Alamein, Egypt, was a German war correspondent, who was captured when he knocked on the side of a tank to inquire the time. It was a British tank.

Iron Bars and Radios

Japs in occupied Netherlands East Indies slapped a six-months prison sentence on a woman because she acted as a lookout for her husband as he listened to Dutch-language broadcasts.

Two elderly Netherlanders were sentenced to death on the charge that they listened to American and other foreign broadcasts. Three others received prison terms from five months to five years for the same reason.

Lament

Mused the cabin boy on a torpedoed British ship:

"I'm thinking of all the brass on that boat that I've been polishing. And now she's gone."

Dairy Story

American slang is appearing in the Egyptian desert, brought there by Yank air crews who are laying eggs on Tobruk and Bengazi.

A bomber heading for Bengazi goes over the "bus route." A trip over Tobruk is the "milk run."

Celebration

A G.I. in London, wearing full uniform minus blouse, dived from London Bridge on the Fourth of July.

He hit the Thames from an altitude of fifty feet, swam to shore and walked over, grinning, to a couple of pals.

They paid off.

The Nazis' Own Emily Post

The Rome Radio admits that Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels has stopped offering any more prizes for politeness. Instead he is offering concentration camps "for anti-social elements, the dissatisfied and those guilty of misdemeanors."

Dept. of Utter Optimism

Recent headline in the New York *Times:* ASKS WORLD PACT TO OUTLAW WAR. A Yale prof. did the asking for after the war.

Things to Come

A female officer of the British WAAFs gave the women who enter Fort Des Moines for WAAC officers' training on July 20 an inkling of the military life. "These women can expect one thing," the officer said. "Their personal desires will always come second."

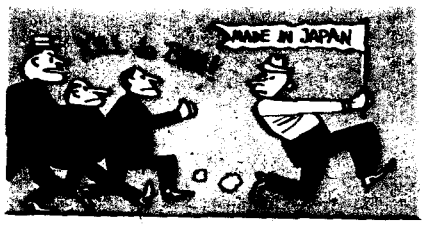
Turned Tables

Otto Abetz, Hitler's personal emissary in Paris, toured the city recruiting popular figures to the new order. He came across Pablo Picasso, the famous painter, and asked to see some of his work.

Picasso took the Nazi around to his studio, and as he showed him painting after painting, Abetz would exclaim with awe, "Did you do that, too, Maestro?"

When Picasso pointed out a landscape drawing of Guernica, a Spanish town bombed to ruins by the Nazis, Abetz asked the same question: "Did you do that too, Maestro?"

"No," said Picasso. "You did."



Those Japs Again—

At the Army Benefit War Show in Pittsburgh 10 men sold cane pennants bearing the trademark "Made in Japan." Outraged spectators insisted the men be arrested and held without bond. They were.

Cough Medicine for Nazis

The Office of War Information tells of an incident in a Paris theatre where natives forbidden to boo at German officials on the screen, resorted to coughing loudly instead. An irate Nazi officer stopped the show, ordered the lights on and demanded, "Who coughed?"

There was no answer. Finally a small, old man in the rear called out, "Nobody here coughed."

"Who coughed?" screamed the Nazi. "Who coughed?"

Softly the old man answered. "The unknown soldier," he said.

Tobacco by Another Name . . .

"Before the invasion I had a tobacco jar and my wife a tea jar. Now we only have one jar between us. . . . If I want to smoke, I ask: 'Is there any tea left?' And when my wife entertains visitors she says: 'Can I make tea? Is there some tobacco left?' "

The Algemeen Handelsblad, an Amsterdam daily commenting on life in Holland since the Nazis came, reveals that blackberry leaves and stems are now substituted for Virginia tobacco and China tea . . . both out of the same jar.

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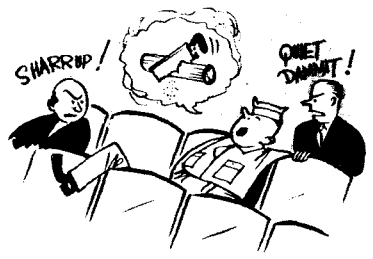
6 HOUR LEAVE...

This is Private Sam. He has just gotten leave to go to the big city. He is strictly G.I. at the moment—shoes shined, puss shaved and a soul full of hope. Bumming rides is not cricket, but what the hell?

Having fared on Army chow for a week, Sam's first act is to dedicate several bucks of his meagre roll to a steak repast, complete with trimmings. It is nice to know again the different kinds of food and how they taste.

Satiated inwardly and drawing on an alleged Havana, Sam is now a roving wolf with intent to kill. He roves and roves until his dogs start steaming. He then becomes a stationary wolf, supports a lampost and leers.



Night falls and Sam is pooped from doing nothing. He has seen only four movies during the past week at camp, so he rests up by sleeping through a newsreel, two comedies and a double feature. He snores.

He is next lured by the grape into a local bistro, where an overweight blond rasps sentimental ballads, and the customers cry on his shoulder about what they did in the last war. Sam wants his girl. She is a thousand miles away. He feel awful. Comes curfew and Sam is evicted.

Sam is now broke, gassed and late. The last bus has gone and he has difficulty walking at all to say nothing of hoofing it all the way back to camp. But he has had a peachy time, and when the bugle blows at 5:15 A.M. and he pries his eyes open and takes the sweater off his tongue, will he relent? No.

HOLLYWOOD in WARTIME

THE MILLS of the Broadway and Hollywood gods not only grind very fast, but they grind exceedingly small, not to say petty. Herewith we print the latest breathless bunch of gossip, most of which sprang from the aching heads of sundry press agents.

Margie Hart, who has been keeping her clothes on lately, is taking dramatic lessons in Kansas City, under the name of Margaret Cox. Movie prices will soon be upped 6¢, though it is doubtful if the quality of the pictures will be upped that much. Betty Grable has blue eyes, according to Jeemy Feedler. Franchot Tone and his wife are going to have a b-by. More than 60 Hollywood night spots have been declared out of bounds for service men. Walter Winchell is of medium height.

Mickey Rooney may enter the Army. Wallace Beery spent a Mexican vacation as volunteer instructor at an Army aviation school. Mexican Army, we guess. Ann Sheridan is going to play Nora Bayes in "Shine On, Harvest Moon." Dorothy Kilgallen is a woman.

Burlesque Now $4.40

Maureen O'Hara is very ill. MGM is going to do the life of Jerome Kern on the screen, and Fredric March is playing Mark Twain in "The Adventures of Mark Twain." Cpl. Barney Ross married a Broadway showgirl the other day. Burlesque has hit the $4.40 circuit with a show called "Star and Garter," with G. R. Lee, the naveleer, Georgia Southern, and Carrie Finnell, the bubby bunter, in the cast. Bobby Clark is in it, too, frothing at the mouth. The show is cleaning up, and it could stand a little of that itself. Ed Sullivan sits at a desk when he uses a typewriter.

Taxis at railroad station will soon have to take two passengers at a time. There will be only five hour-long radio programs on the American air this Fall—Radio Theater, Music Hall, Kay Kyser's Kollege, the Kate Smith Show, and the Good Will Hour. Martha Raye's waiting till after her marriage to make her coming tour of Alaskan camps. Wants to take her husband along—as if that will entertain the frost-bitten G.I.'s! Singing Carol Bruce is due for a new movie publicity build-up with her hair shifted from dark to blonde. Lana Turner on a bond selling tour wore no jewelry except defense stamps; something like that might well be carried a little further. Cab Calloway took over Joe Louis recently, but it was only a bowling match. Danton Walker is no relation of Johnny Walker, Jimmy Walker, Stanley Walker or Hiram Walker.

Jackie May, popular Broadway femme impersonator, is now in khaki and without ruffles. Tyrone Power with a set of the nervous jitters came near to stopping some steel in a knife throwing scene in "The Black Swan," his latest romanceroo. Gloria Jean, kid picture star, has been given an honorary looey's commish in the Army. How low do we have to stoop to salute these days, anyhow? Mae West is coming back with "Catherine Was Great," all about the Russian Queen who was on the Mae Westish side in her own day and age. Hedda Hopper is not famous for her recitations of "Casey At The Bat."

Benny Plays Meanest Man

Bricktop, a Harlem gal who made good in pre-Nazi Paris night clubs, has opened up the old Onyx Club on Fifty-two Street and is packing 'em in. Jack Benny's slated to play opposite blonde eyeful Priscilla Lane in "The Meanest Man in the World." Corinne Griffith who used to wow flicker audiences is mentioned for the cast of "The Commandos." Playwright Clifford Odets is giving the columnists forehead wrinkles; they can't figure out whether his heart beats faster for Kay Aldrich or for Madeleine LeBeau. This column does not know what the "O" in Louella O. Parsons stands for.

Lou Costello tries to drum up a little interest among the native girls.

Spencer Tracy and Robert Taylor are said to be just around the corner from joining we-all in uniform. When Groucho Marx gets his divorce difficulties ironed out he'll marry Susan Brecker, a Hollywood designer. Friends claim Count Basie, chocolate ivorypounder, has been hitched to Helen Humes who used to front his band with song. Sophie Tucker, last of the redhot mammas, fills the Bowery Cafe, Detroit, nightly with her fans. Johnny Long has been signed by British Broadcasting Corporation to record hit tunes for rebroadcast to U. S. soldiers in the British Isles. There are so few valets left by the draft that Phil Baker's backstage dresser-upper is a maid. The correct name of Walter Winchell's girl Friday is not Friday.

Lionel Hampton, Harlem-hot musician, is stranded in Miami on account of defense transportation needs have taken away his bus. Victor McLaglen is in the hog-raising business and has increased his original 200 to a grunt-and-squealery of 3,000. Garbo is digging deep to find a new starring picture; there's some talk that she'll be co-starred with scorcher Charles Boyer. Among those expecting tiny tots in the not-too-distant future are Ethel Merman. Merle Oberon, now Lady Korda, is said to be taking her title a leetle too seriously. Joan Crawford is doing the spots with Jean Pierre Aumont, latest French heart-throb to invade the celluloid city. Bruce Cabot is spending his best time with Marie McDonald, blonde movie armful who used to sing with Tommy Dorsey. James Fitzpatrick, the travelogue king, was shamed into admitting that he spent his own honeymoon at Niagara Falls . . . and probably didn't even take a picture! George Ross is a man.

Hard Up for Chorus Gals

West Coast night clubs are hard up for chorus cuties; some of their neatest numbers have given up hoofing to work in defense plants. Leonard Lyons writes in paragraphs!

Radio Fans—'Ten-Shun

YANK's A.E.F. radio schedule, a complete log of U. S. broadcasts short-waved to overseas troops, will be printed the first week of each month. Readers are advised to clip and save it. Listing all short wave stations, frequencies and beams, it has a time guide which gives the exact hour any U. S. show will reach your base.

Yank Sends Jive Overseas

In response to A. E. F. requests for more popular radio music, YANK is now sponsoring two swing shows. Through the cooperation of the Office of War Information every U. S. short-wave station is beaming the programs overseas. This is our schedule:

Eastern War Time			
2:00 AM— 2:30 AM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	KWID
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	WDI
6:15 AM— 6:30 AM	G. I. Jive	Monday-Saturday	WJQ
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	WGEO
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	WJQ
6:45 AM— 7:15 AM	Yank Swing Session	Monday	CBS
9:15 AM— 9:30 AM	G. I. Jive	Monday-Saturday	WDO, WCW
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	WGEA
1:15 PM— 1:30 PM	G. I. Jive	Monday-Saturday	WDO, WPJ
5:45 PM— 6:15 PM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	WLWO
5:45 PM— 6:00 PM	G. I. Jive	Monday-Friday	WLWO
6:15 PM— 6:45 PM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	WW
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	WCW
7:45 PM— 8:00 PM	G. I. Jive	Monday-Saturday	WBOS
11:15 PM—11:42 PM	Yank Swing Session	Saturday	NBC

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There's Plenty of Warble Left in the Old Pipes Yet

WITH THE 43rd (YANKEE CRACKER) DIVISION — One of our lance jacks, a guy with a gift for the imaginative phrase, calls her "Lucy, the Squeeze."

It's a pat moniker, because though Lucy has turned her thirty-second winter—an old age for one of her strenuous profession—she's still the pride and joy of the whole 43rd.

But before you begin getting any censorable ideas about Lucy's looseness, we'd better tell you that "she" is a portable foot-pump organ, the only one, we believe, ever to serve the U. S. in three wars. Currently she's assigned to special duty on all Yankee Cracker music details, and she gives out with everything from "Rock of Ages" to the "Beer Barrel Polka."

She served in the Mexican Border crisis in '16. Then in '18 she was shipped to France where she intoned soothing strains for the battle-weary doughboys. In between hitches she works for the Vermont National Guard.

Save for an occasional betraying wheeze, and the fact that she needs more vigorous pumping than aforetime, you'd never take her for the old veteran she is.

Today, with face lifted, legs strapped, and keys manicured, she's being groomed by the Green Mountain Boys for a special song recital to be held in the near future, under Uncle Sam's auspices, at the Berlin State Opera House.

Do You Like 'Army Hour'?

The War Department which is producing "The Army Hour" and airing it to its troops overseas would like to know what the men in foreign service think of it and what suggestions they have for its improvement. Write to YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York, and the requests will be put "through channels."

British Pep Up Radio For A.E.F.

LONDON—Short wave radio being what it is, the A. E. F. in Britain is largely dependent on the British Broadcasting Corporation for its air entertainment and the BBC isn't letting the men down. Many of the air shows have been pepped-up and Americanized.

A typical listening Sunday for the G.I.'s in Britain, includes American records sweet and hot, programs for the Irish and Indian forces, a transcription of the Jack Benny show, various regimental band concerts, "Maple Leaf Matinee," a program produced by Canadian soldiers, news casts, and an orchestra which plays until taps at 11 P.M.

"Command Performance," the War Department radio extravaganza is short-waved here from the U. S. on Sundays, but the Monday play-back from London is clearer.

BBC also announces that it is now making recordings in its New York studios of big-name bands: Cab Calloway, Sammy Kaye, Glenn Miller, Jimmy Dorsey and Guy Lombardo. Discs will be shipped weekly and played for the A. E. F. jive fans.

First cargo of American soldiers here were surprised to learn that Britains have to pay a two buck license fee for the use of a radio. This fee has been waived for the troops.

Anthem Comes Down Off Musical Hi-Horse

Do you have trouble hitting those high notes in "The Star Spangled Banner"?

Well, don't worry any more because a new revised arrangement in a lower key of A-flat has been sent to every band in the Army.

This new arrangement in the lower key was turned out by Major Howard Bronson with the help of a Penn State music professor and has been played successfully by the Port Matilda Junior Band in Centre County, Pennsylvania. The band raised $1,600 in the little community to do this service for the Army.

Army Show to be Filmed at Warner Brothers Soon

NEW YORK—Warner Brothers has paid the first installment on the $250,000 it is giving the Army Relief Fund for the moving picture rights to Irving Berlin's all G.I. show, "This Is The Army," now on Broadway.

The show will be filmed with an all-soldier cast with Irving Berlin supervising the Hollywood production.

Imagine getting put on detached service in Hollywood?

S.R.O. at War Show

The Army War Show, a miniature maneuver playing in the Baltimore Stadium, pulled 160,000 attendance in four days. It's a War Department promotion to show civilians how the Army trains.

Jolson Tours Alaska Camps

Al Jolson is touring the "Igloo Circuit," Army posts in Alaska under USO-Camp Shows auspices. He wired a friend the following: "Monday Fairbanks, Tuesday Nome, Wednesday Siberia. Here in Anchorage, Alaska, today. Booked solid."

MADELEINE CARROLL is quitting the movies and retiring into private married life with Stirling Hayden.

Maddy Carroll Quits Pictures

NASSAU, Bahamas—Madeleine Carroll has gone and done it.

The favorite blonde of practically every G.I. between the ages of 18 and 60 is quitting the movies for the peace and seclusion of happy married life. Now, now, don't take it so hard, boys.

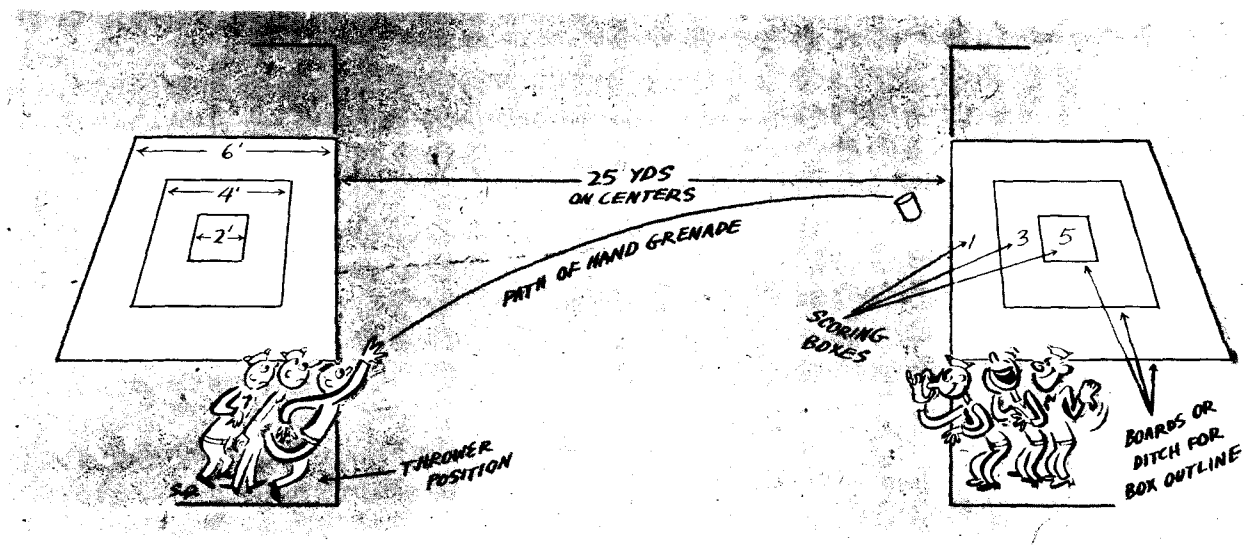
Madeleine will probably spend most of that married life on a boat because the fortunate husband is Stirling Hayden, the rugged sailing skipper from Gloucester, Mass., who tossed aside his own moving picture career several months ago to go back to the sea in a ship.

The romance blossomed here when the couple were making "Bahama Passage" some time ago. Maddy married him three months ago in a New England town. The name of the town wasn't disclosed but, knowing Hayden, it is a safe bet it was some place on the coast with plenty of salt spray flying around during the ceremony.

They didn't announce it until recently when Hayden pulled in here to repair his schooner and Madeleine came down to stay with him.

Miss Carroll, a native of England, is 32 and was married once before. Hayden, 26, used to navigate the Gertrude L. Thebaud in the Fisherman's Races and was first mate on the schooner Yankee that cruised 35,000 miles in 1938.

He was all set for a big Hollywood career but he couldn't stand living on dry land. So he is planning now to spend the rest of his life at sea, and is taking Madeleine along with him.



Here's a New Army Game

Here's something to pass the time if there aren't any more magazines to read and you've lost all your money playing blackjack and the Axis has all the decent radio programs temporarily jammed.

It's a little game designed by Major William R. Overbeck in the Infantry Journal to practice the fine old art of tossing hand grenades. Something like throwing horseshoes, only you don't use horseshoes.

First, get a couple of cans of beer and drink the beer. That puts you in a playful mood. Then take the cans and fill them with sand.

Draw two scoring boxes 25 yards apart as indicated above. Throw the can from the thrower's position and see if you can hit the middle of the box. If you do, give yourself 5 points. The next square is worth 3 and the outside one, 1. The game is 25 points. Then start all over again.

Just as in horseshoe pitching, the game can be played as singles or doubles. Or even four or five on a side, for all we care.

If you can't find sand to put in the cans, just stuff them with old applications for officer's candidate school. That'll make them good and heavy.

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How to roll a Pack

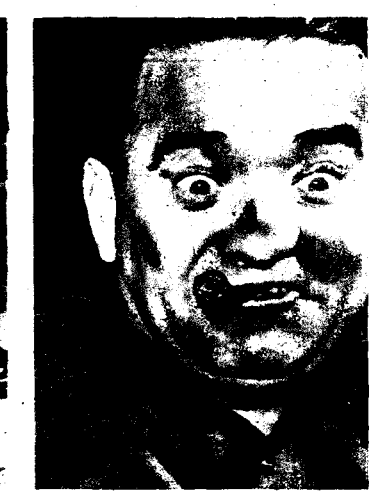
IN response to numerous requests for information on a rather mysterious subject—to wit, the rolling of field packs—we here present Pvt. Joe McTurk, a corn-fed kid from the civilized part of Staten Island, who can roll a pack or a natural with equal ease. Ever since he was told he looked like Churchill, McTurk has smoked a cigar—the same one—which he fits into a hole left by a departed molar. Joe stands five feet four, discounting corns, and weighs 180 dripping wet, which is often. We finally got him into fatigues, where we find him (right) picking up his stuff before slapping it into a pack.

In real life, McTurk is Pvt. Robert C. McCracken, who used to fight under the name of "K.O. Billy" Murray. He has mixed it up for keeps with Harry Greb, Jack Sharkey, Banty Lewis, Frankie Jerome, and plenty of others. He is now at Ft. Belvoir, Va. Pictures are by Cpl. Pete Paris of Yank's staff who stole the idea from the Belvoir Duckboard. It's legitimate, though, because he stole from himself. The Cpl. used to be editor of the Duckboard.

THE first thing to do is lay down your shelter half. Put the old blanket and tent poles on top. Then fold the edges of the shelter half, and rip the blanket over till it's a tight roll. Simple, hey?

ONCE the roll is made it's a good idea to test it by dropping it on the floor. If it busts open, it's a lousy roll. McTurk, who is on the wee side, has to put it over his head. Know any good prayers, Mac?

AS we were saying, if it busts open, it's . . . What was that, McTurk? Ah, forget it. Try again. So McTurk crawls to his feet and rolls the pack again. Up over his head it goes, there is a breathless moment, and . . .



ALL right, McTurk, take it e Take it easy! They can h you all the way down to h quarters. What's that? You you're going to make a St Island field pack? O.K., but sergeant's not going to . . .

McTURK sits on the floor of his barracks, talking Anglo-Saxon to himself, knocking together a S. I. pack, composed of suitcases, 1 ea. "Full field pack, hell," he says. "They got to take me as I am."

FINISHED. McTurk would have thrown in the kitchen stove, too, except that the Mess Sergeant didn't like the idea. He looks at the floor. Hummm, seems that he left a lot of stuff out. Aw, well . . .

MONOLOGUE by McTurk: "Oh, sergeant, I made up me field pack. What's that? Listen, don't pull that kind of talk on me. I'm from Staten Island. We eats sergeants alive on Staten Island. Without salt, too."

ONCE upon a time there w private named McTurk. His geant told him to make a field but McTurk comes from Staten Is where they, etc. The Sgt. put Mc on K.P., and for all we know there yet.

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Americans Win All-Star Game

NEW YORK.—The American League continued its mastery over the National League in the tenth annual Major League All-Star game by taking the twilight-night classic, 3 to 1, before 33,694 fans at the Polo Grounds. It was the seventh victory for the junior circuit in this series.

Given a pre-game edge because of superior pitching, the National Leaguers were blasted into defeat early when home runs by Lou Boudreau, boy manager of the Cleveland Indians, and Rudy York of Detroit, accounted for three runs in the opening inning.

Cooper Bombarded

Victim of the early barrage was Mort Cooper, baseball's best hurler this season. The St. Louis Card ace went into the game with a record of 11 victories and four defeats, six of the wins via the shutout route. But any hopes for sending the National Leaguers off to a good start were quickly erased.

Instead, it was Spud Chandler of New York and Al Benton of Detroit, dividing the American hurling chores over the nine innings, who held the National sluggers in check.

Chandler, pitching the first four innings, allowed only two hits and no runs to get credit for the victory. Benton finished the game and was touched for four hits, one of them Mickey Owen's pinch homer in the eighth inning.

After the wobbly start, Cooper hurled nice ball and the pitchers who followed him, Johnny Vander Meer of the Reds, Clyde Passeau of the Cubs and Bucky Walters of the Reds, also did well enough.

Two Homers

Cooper didn't have a chance to get started. Boudreau knocked the second pitch of the game into the upper left field and after Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams were retired, York caught a high, outside pitch and deposited it into the right field stands.

The Americans threatened to score in only one other inning, the sixth, when Jimmy Brown of the Cards dropped a toss from Arky Vaughn of the Dodgers for the game's only error. Joe DiMaggio, who made two of the victors' seven hits, had singled with one out. York then grounded to Vaughn, who flipped the ball to Brown for what appeared to be the start of a twin killing. But the second sacker dropped the toss when DiMaggio slid into him at second.

Here Vander Meer turned on the steam to fan Yankee Joe Gordon, league leading hitter, and to force Ken Keltner of the Indians to pop out.

The National Leaguers had their biggest opportunity in the seventh. After two outs, Enos Slaughter of the Cards singled and Ernie Lombardi of the Braves drew a pass. Pee Wee Reese of the Dodgers then lashed out a liner over Benton's head toward left center, but Boudreau, the game's biggest star, speared it on a nice dive to end the rally.

All-Star Game Just Beats N. Y. Blackout

NEW YORK.—Two minutes after the Major League All-Star game at the Polo Grounds ended, New York had a practice black-out. The lights were doused as the players were leaving the field and the crowd had to remain in the dark stands for ten minutes until the all-clear signal was given.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.
Boudreau, Cleveland, ss	4	1	1	4	5
Henrich, New York, rf	4	1	1	2	0
Williams, Boston, lf	4	0	1	0	0
J. DiMaggio, New York, cf.	4	0	2	2	0
York, Detroit, 1b	4	1	1	11	3
Gordon, New York, 2b	4	0	0	1	4
Keltner, Cleveland, 3b	4	0	0	0	1
Tebbetts, Detroit, c	4	0	0	4	1
Chandler, New York, p	1	0	0	3	1
aJohnson, Philadelphia	1	0	1	0	0
Benton, Detroit, p	1	0	0	0	1
Totals	35	3	7	27	16

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.
Brown, St. Louis, 2b	2	0	0	1	0
Herman, Brooklyn, 2b	1	0	0	0	0
Vaughan, Brooklyn, 3b	2	0	0	1	2
Elliott, Pittsburgh, 3b	1	0	1	1	2
Reiser, Brooklyn, cf	3	0	1	3	0
Moore, St. Louis, cf	1	0	0	1	0
Mize, New York, 1b	2	0	0	3	0
F. McCormick, Cincin., 1b	2	0	0	3	0
Ott, New York, rf	4	0	0	1	0
Medwick, Brooklyn, lf	2	0	0	1	0
Slaughter, St. Louis, lf	2	0	1	1	0
W. Cooper, St. Louis, c	2	0	1	7	0
Lombardi, Boston, c	1	0	0	2	0
Miller, Boston, ss	2	0	0	2	1
Reese, Brooklyn, ss	1	0	0	0	1
M. Cooper, St. Louis, p	0	0	0	0	0
bMarshall, New York	1	0	0	0	0
Vander Meer, Cincinnati, p.	0	0	0	0	1
cLitwhiler, Philadelphia	1	0	1	0	0
Passeau, Chicago, p	0	0	0	0	0
dOwen, Brooklyn	1	1	1	0	0
Walters, Cincinnati, p	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	1	6	27	7

aBatted for Chandler in fifth.
bBatted for M. Cooper in third.
cBatted for Vander Meer in sixth.
dBatted for Passeau in eighth.

Score by innings:

American League	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3
National League	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1

Error: Brown. **Runs batted in:** Boudreau, York 2, Owen. **Earned runs:** American 3; National 1. **Home runs:** Boudreau, York, Owen. **Two-base hit:** Henrich. **Double plays:** Gordon, Boudreau and York; Boudreau and York. **Left on bases:** American 5; National 6. **Struck out:** by M. Cooper 2 (Gordon, Tebbetts); by Vander Meer 4 (York, Gordon 2, Henrich); by Passeau 1 (Tebbetts); by Walters 1 (Keltner); by Chandler 2 (Ott, Miller); by Benton 1 (Ott). **Bases on balls:** off Benton 2 (Vaughan, Lombardi). **Hits:** off Chandler 2 in 4 innings; Benton 4 in 5 innings; M. Cooper 4 in 3 innings; Vander Meer 2 in 3 innings; Passeau 1 in 2 innings; Walters none in 1 inning. **Hit by pitcher:** by Chandler (Brown). **Passed ball:** Tebbetts. **Winning pitcher:** Chandler; **losing pitcher:** M. Cooper. **Umpires:** Ballanfant (NL); Stewart (AL); Barlick (NL) and McGowan (AL). **Time of game:** 2:07. **Attendance:** 33,694.

LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF JULY 6)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	Cleveland	Detroit	St. Louis	Chicago	Philadelphia	Washington	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	7	6	4	7	9	8	9	50	26	.658	—
Boston	4	—	7	8	6	6	6	9	46	30	.605	4
Cleveland	5	3	—	5	6	8	11	7	45	35	.563	7
Detroit	6	4	8	—	7	6	7	6	44	38	.537	9
St. Louis	3	3	6	5	—	8	6	6	37	41	.474	14
Chicago	3	3	3	5	4	—	6	7	31	44	.413	18½
Phila.	4	6	3	6	5	3	—	6	33	51	.393	21
Wash'ton	1	4	2	5	6	4	7	—	29	50	.367	22½
Games lost	26	30	35	38	41	44	51	50	—	—		

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	Cincinnati	New York	Chicago	Pittsburgh	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	5	8	6	9	5	9	10	52	21	.712	—
St. Louis	4	—	5	9	8	6	5	6	43	29	.597	8½
Cincinnati	4	6	—	3	4	8	10	6	41	34	.547	12
New York	5	3	7	—	6	6	7	6	40	37	.519	14
Chicago	2	4	6	5	—	7	6	8	38	41	.481	17
Pittsb'gh	2	4	3	6	5	—	6	8	34	40	.459	18½
Boston	2	5	1	5	7	4	—	10	34	47	.420	22
Phila.	2	2	4	3	2	4	4	—	21	54	.280	32
Games lost	21	29	34	37	41	40	47	54	—	—		

MICKEY GIVES ORDERS—Lieut. Mickey Cochrane gives some last minute advice to Bob Feller and Johnny Rigney, his Service All-Star pitchers, before the game with the American League All-Stars in Cleveland. But Feller was knocked out of the box early, and although Rigney did a good job afterwards, the Major Leaguers won, 5 to 0.

American League Bombs Service All-Star Team, 5-0

CLEVELAND—A group of fellow Americans, All-Stars from the American League, defeated the best aggregation of baseball players in the Army and Navy, 5 to 0, before 62,094 fans in Cleveland's huge Municipal Stadium, in the first game of this kind ever played.

Hot from the success of their previous night's win over the National Leaguers in the Major League All-Star game at New York, there was no stopping the Americans, whose timely hitting and excellent hurling proved too much for their friendly rivals in Service.

They hopped on Chief Boatswain Mate Bobby Feller for three runs in the first two innings, sending the former Cleveland Indians' strikeout ace to the showers before his own home crowd. And they never were in danger after that.

Feller Knocked Out

Feller, obviously not in the best of form, was reached for two runs in the first on Tommy Henrich's single, Ted Williams' walk, Joe DiMaggio's one baser and a long fly by Rudy York.

He pitched to only two batters in the second inning, Ex-Teammate Kenny Keltner blasting a triple and Buddy Rosar a single, before Manager Lieut. Gordon (Mickey) Cochrane sent in Johnny Rigney of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and the Chicago White Sox to squelch the rally.

Rigney hurled spectacular ball during the next five innings, shutting out the power hitters of the American League. He allowed three hits and walked the same number of men, but was airtight in the pinches.

Pvt. Mickey Harris, former Bosox hurler who flew from the Canal Zone to play in the game, was found for the other two runs in the seventh inning on Phil Rizzuto's double and triples by Williams and George McQuinn.

Service Gets 6 Hits

Another Army private, John Grodzicki of the St. Louis Cardinals, hurled the eighth inning and retired the Americans in order.

In all, the Service team garnered six hits off the combined slants of Bagby, Hudson and Tex Hughson of the Red Sox. The American All-Stars made ten safeties.

A pre-game military display of might was shown to the spectators with parades and music by the bands of Fort Hayes and the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, precision drills by a crack Marine Corps company, a parade of tanks, jeeps, scout cars and supply trucks and an exhibition by a Coast Guard color guard.

The box score:

Feller Gets Hurt

SERVICE

	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Mullin, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Chapman, cf	1	0	0	1	0	0
McCoy, 2b	2	0	0	2	2	0
Mueller, 2b	1	0	1	0	0	0
Padgett, lf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Travis, ss	3	0	1	0	2	0
Grace, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
aArnovich	1	0	0	0	0	0
Sturm, 1b	2	0	1	6	0	0
Hajduk, 1b	1	0	0	3	0	0
Andres, 3b	4	0	2	2	3	0
V. Smith, c	1	0	0	0	0	0
Pytlak, c	2	0	0	5	1	0
Feller, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Rigney, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
bLucadello	1	0	0	0	0	0
Harris, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Grodzicki, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	21	0	6	24	9	0

A. L. ALL-STARS

	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Boudreau, ss	2	0	0	0	1	0
Rizzuto, ss	2	1	1	1	4	0
Henrich, rf	1	1	1	0	0	0
Spence, rf	2	0	1	0	0	0
Williams, lf	1	2	1	2	0	0
J.DiM'gio, cf	4	0	1	2	0	0
York, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	0
McQuinn, 1b	1	0	1	5	0	0
Doerr, 2b	4	0	0	1	4	0
Keltner, 3b	4	1	2	3	2	0
Rosar, c	4	0	2	4	0	0
Bagby, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
Hudson, p	2	0	0	0	2	0
Hughson, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	5	10	27	15	0

aBatted for Grace in ninth.
bBatted for Rigney in seventh.

Service	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
All-Stars	2	1	0	0	0	0	2	0		—5

Runs batted in—J. DiMaggio, York, Rosar, Williams, McQuinn.

Two-base hits—Travis, Rizzuto, Mueller. Three-base hits—Keltner, Williams, McQuinn. Stolen base—Rizzuto. Double plays—Pytlak and Sturm; Rizzuto, Doerr and York; Andres, McCoy and Sturm; Hudson, Rizzuto and McQuinn. Left on bases—Service 7, All-Stars 7. Earned runs—Service 0, All-Stars 5. Bases on balls—Off Feller 1 (Williams), off Rigney 3 (Henrich, Williams 2), off Bagby 2 (McCoy, Travis), off Hudson 1 (Sturm). Struck out—By Rigney 3 (Bagby, York, Doerr), by Grodzicki 1 (Hughson), by Bagby 2 (Grace, V. Smith), by Hudson 1 (Pytlak).

Pitching summary: Off Feller 4 hits, 3 runs in 1 inning (pitched to two men in 2d); off Rigney 3 hits, 0 runs in 5 innings; off Harris 3 hits, 2 runs in 1 inning; off Grodzicki 0 hits, 0 runs in 1 inning; off Bagby 3 hits, 0 runs in 3 innings; off Hudson 2 hits 0 runs in 4 innings; off Hughson 1 hit, 0 runs in 2 innings. Winning pitcher—Bagby. Losing pitcher—Feller. Umpires—Stewart (A.L.), Ballanfant (N.L.), McGowan (A.L.) and Barlick (N.L.). Time of game—2:06. Attendance—62,094.

THORP DIES

BOSTON—Tom Thorp, the famous football and racing official, died here July 6 from a heart attack.

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SPORTS: PASS JOE CRONIN THE HEADACHE PILLS—WILLIAMS IS OFF AGAIN

BY CPL. JOE MCCARTHY

Just when everything is peaches and cream in Boston with the Red Sox only three games behind the Yankees because their pitchers are lasting nine innings the first time since 1918, Ted Williams starts acting like a spoiled baby again.

There have been some screwy characters in major league baseball but Williams is right up there in a class with the Ring Lardner rookie who kept the water running in the bath room all night because it reminded him of the brook back home.

Every student of the national pastime knows Williams. They know him as the greatest batter in the American League. They know him too as the problem

Bad Boy Williams

child who has driven Manager Joe Cronin ga-ga, going on record as saying that he will quit the Red Sox to be a fireman, throwing baseballs over grandstands, insulting and offering to sock sportswriters and frightening child autograph seekers.

Battles With Crowd

This season Williams was expected to be hooted and booed in every town because he was deferred by his draft board but everybody treated him swell. He signed up to join the Navy in the fall and he was getting along fine.

Then, just before a three game series with the Yanks that could have brought the Sox into a tie for first place, Williams started acting like himself again.

It started when the left field crowd didn't like his attitude in covering fly balls. One word to the stands led to another and Williams came out a poor second. So he began to pout and sulk.

The next time he came to the plate, he decided to take three called strikes just to show those mean people how bad he could be. "But then," he says, "I thought I'd foul one into those left field stands to see if I could hit somebody."

He took a half-hearted swing and it went for a double. He didn't bother to run fast. Just jogged down to second base.

This, mind you, was the well-paid star in the second place American League club that was three games behind the Yankees and fighting for the lead.

Joe Cronin, a little bit purple around the face and neck, was waiting for him when he ambled back to the dug-out. "If you don't want to play ball," said Joe in the censored version, "get out of here."

Williams didn't want to play ball so he went to the showers.

"I'm going to buy $25 worth of raw meat," he said. "And feed it to those wolves in the left field stands."

The next day he was all apologies. Cronin socked him with a $250 fine and made him tell the rest of the team he was sorry.

The sequel to the story is that two days later Williams hit his 18th homer of the season to beat the Yankees in the last game of the crucial series. The champs won the other two and kept the Red Sox in second place for the time being, at least.

Just before that last game, Williams was called out to home plate and given the Sporting News award for being "The Player of the Year."

A great many spectators felt that it would have been more appropriate if he had been called out to home plate and given a good swift kick in the pants.

Navy Will Be Different

Sometimes baseball players can be excused for getting mad at the crowd. That's happened to the best of them. Ty Cobb has been known to drop his glove and run up into the stands and slug it out with one of the paying customers.

But Ty Cobb never went to the plate with the intention of striking out and never jogged to second base when he made a hit. There's no excuse for that.

There's no excuse for any man of Williams' age spending this summer of 1942 getting big money for living in the best hotels and playing baseball a few hours a day and still feeling that he is being mistreated.

But anyway, there's one consolation. Just wait until Williams tries to pull that stuff in the Navy. He won't get out of it by telling the rest of the team he is sorry.

Plenty of Squawks

As our wandering G.I. cartoonist, Corporal Peter Paris, points out on the opposite page, the Major League All-Star selections caused a lot of squawks this year. The Dodger fans yelled, of course, because their whole team wasn't picked for the All-Star game.

The Red Sox rooters and everybody else couldn't understand why Johnny Pesky wasn't chosen. He's hitting much better than either Rizzuto or Lou Boudreau and he's a smart fielder, too. And why did they miss Bill Jurges, cried the Giants. Isn't he doing better than Reese or Miller?

Among the other obvious misses were Ray Lamanno of the Reds, rated by most observers as tops in the National League catching department, and Ray Starr of the same club who has an enviable pitching record.

But as my old supply sergeant used to say, you can't please everybody.

Nice Timing, June

June O'Dea, who is Mrs. Lefty Gomez in private life, presented the Goofy One with a son in Boston recently. She was there because her home is in nearby Lexington but she certainly picked the right moment—a day when the Yankees were playing in Boston.

Incidentally, Mrs. Gomez has a piece coming out in Collier's soon entitled "Don't Marry a Ball Player." Lefty helped her write it.

Ott Shines As Giant Manager

NEW YORK — They're handing Mel Ott of the Giants bouquets as the manager of the year with the baseball season only half completed.

Given a ball club which on paper could finish no better than sixth place in the National League race this year, the one-time wonder has worked miracles in bringing his team into the first division.

Ott's handling of three men—two veterans considered washed up, and an untried rookie—has been the key to the Giants' unlooked for successes.

Johnny Mize, traded to the Giants by Branch Rickey of the Cards who only trades men when they have one foot in the grave, has come back to top the league in runs batted in and home runs.

Cliff Melton, who won 20 games in 1937 and has been on the downbeat since, has chalked up eleven wins already and may get into the charmed circle of hurlers again.

Willard Marshall is the rookie of the year. He is the first man ever to make the National League All-Star team in his first season in the loop. The Giants didn't even own the boy when he showed up at spring training. Ott took one look and named him as his regular center fielder.

These three men together with Ott played in the All-Star game at the Polo Grounds. Except for the managerial ability of the Giants' boss, none of them probably would have been selected.

Whirlaway Nears Big Dough Record

NEW YORK—Upset in the Butler Memorial Handicap at Empire, July Fourth, the Calumet Farm's Whirlaway, seeking to pass the all-time earning mark of $437,730 held by Seabiscuit, will go after the first prize in the $50,000 Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs, July 15.

Whirly ran second to the lightly-played Tola Rose in the Butler Handicap but earned $6,000 for the place spot. The Calumet star has now earned $410,486. A victory at Suffolk would enable the thoroughbred to pass the mark of Seabiscuit.

BLOOD DRAFTED

CHICAGO — After having been turned down by nearly every branch of service for bad eyesight, Johnny Blood, holder of the record for active service in the National Professional Football League—15 years with Milwaukee, Green Bay and Pittsburgh—has been drafted and is undergoing basic training at Fort Sheridan.

Auto Racing Banned To Save Gas, Tires

WASHINGTON — Automobile racing has been banned in the U. S. for the duration. That includes regular racing cars, midgets and motorcycles.

The order, which comes from the Office of Defense Transportation, affects 1500 cars now used for racing, a thousand of them midgets. The Federal authorities figure that 12,000 tires are in the hands of racing people.

Tires from midget racing cars can be used for skid wheels of training planes and for industrial plant automotive equipment.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE (July 5)

	W.	L.	PC.
Sacramento	55	36	.604
Los Angeles	53	37	.589
San Diego	52	42	.553
San Francisco	45	42	.517
Seattle	45	46	.495
Oakland	43	47	.478
Hollywood	38	57	.400
Portland	32	56	.364

TEXAS LEAGUE (July 5)

	W.	L.	PC.
Beaumont	48	31	.608
Shreveport	45	39	.536
San Antonio	44	39	.530
Ft. Worth	41	39	.513
Houston	42	41	.506
Tulsa	42	43	.494
Oklahoma City	38	48	.442
Dallas	30	50	.375

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION (July 5)

	W.	L.	PC.
Little Rock	47	34	.580
Nashville	46	38	.548
Atlanta	47	39	.547
Birmingham	42	40	.512
Memphis	41	40	.506
New Orleans	40	39	.506
Chattanooga	37	46	.446
Knoxville	32	56	.364

Hogan Leading Pro Golf Money Earner

NEW YORK — Figures released by Fred Corcoran, P. G. A. tournament manager, show that Ben Hogan of Hershey, Pa., winner of the Hale America National Open Golf Championship, is a cinch to be the leading golf money winner for the third year in a row.

Hogan has earned $11,248, while his nearest rival, Sammy Snead, has taken in $8,098. Snead will play little if any more tournament golf as he is now in the Navy.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION (July 5)

	W.	L.	PC.
Kansas City	46	30	.605
Columbus	40	34	.541
Milwaukee	41	37	.526
Louisville	40	39	.506
Minneapolis	41	40	.506
Indianapolis	40	41	.494
Toledo	34	46	.425
St. Paul	32	47	.405

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE (July 5)

	W.	L.	PC.
Newark	45	31	.592
Jersey City	44	31	.587
Montreal	44	32	.579
Toronto	41	39	.513
Baltimore	34	37	.479
Buffalo	35	43	.449
Syracuse	36	45	.444
Rochester	29	50	.367

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Army Pitcher Beats Aussie Team

Allows 3 Hits and Fans Nine

MELBOURNE—Yank soldiers here celebrated the Fourth of July in good old American fashion—winning a seven-inning baseball game from the Victoria All-Stars with Johnny Lund, a tobacco-chewing pitcher from Portland, Ore., allowing only three hits and striking out nine Aussie batters.

Despite cold weather a crowd of 5,000 turned out on one of Melbourne's football fields to watch the game. Some of them, fascinated by the plug of tobacco bulging from Johnny's cheek, couldn't understand why he was playing with that bad toothache.

Lund, who used to be in the Cotton States League and had a try-out with the Phillies, defeated the Victoria nine, 4 to 1. There was no netting behind the plate and the crowd had quite a time dodging foul balls.

Touch Football Too Sissy

The Fourth of July sports program also included a soft ball game and a touch football game between two American teams. The soldiers didn't have enough equipment to play real football.

The Australians did not go for the touch football, being accustomed to their own much rougher version of the game. "You mean you draw 100,000 people to this sissy stuff back in the States?" one of them asked.

The Americans tried to explain that they don't play touch football in the Rose Bowl and the Sugar Bowl but the Australians were unconvinced.

In the baseball game, Pvt. Leo Shay, Army catcher, was from Jacksonville, Fla., and Pvt. Bill Leibeidz of Newark, N. J., was the shortstop. The other infielders were Sgt. Jim Gunther of New York, Nelson McDaniel of Chadron, Neb., Sgt. Robert Damouth of Milwaukee. Outfielders were Pvt. Mitchell Yanyanian of Freedom, Pa., Pvt. Ted Biby of Udall, Kan., and Pvt. Tom Beall of Edom, Tex. Pvt. Cletus Eiler of Detroit relieved McDaniel at second base.

The manager was another tobacco chewer from West Virginia, Pvt. Robert Adkins.

Budge Beats Riggs In Straight Sets And Wins Pro Tennis Title

NEW YORK—J. Donald Budge, the Oakland, Cal., comet, is so hot on his game that he may ruin the professional tennis business.

The big red-headed court slasher, who quit the simon-pure ranks when there were no more fields to be conquered—and for a lucrative cash offer—so easily ran away with the national pro tennis championships that few of the paying customers will care to hand across their hard-earned shekels for such future matches.

Budge swept National Amateur Champion Bobby Riggs off the Forest Hills courts in the July Fourth finals by scores of 6-2, 6-2, 6-2. And he hardly worked up a sweat.

With Fred Perry, 1941 champion, on the sidelines with an injured arm that has probably ended his tennis career, there is no one in sight to give Budge any real opposition in future matches unless Frank Kovacs, the glamour boy who also hails from California, comes through.

Playing with Bruce Barnes against Riggs and Budge in the pro doubles finals, Kovacs was a sensation with his spectacular service and driving game. The Budge-Riggs team won 3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2, but it was through no fault of Kovacs. The winners concentrated their attack on Barnes, whose game is much below that of the other three.

Kovacs has frequently displayed great promise of becoming the best in the game only to go erratic in the big matches.

He is another Ted Williams when it comes to relations with the crowds. He needs little encouragement to start an argument with fans and these tactics do not aid his tennis.

Sports From Here and There—

ARMSTRONG TRIES COMEBACK

Henry Armstrong, the great featherweight, lightweight and welter champ before his eyes went bad, tried to make a comeback recently but dropped a ten round decision to Reuben Shank, a tough Denver welterweight. . . . Toughy Griffiths (remember him?) has joined the Marines and Tom Harmon expects to win his commission as an Army bombadier soon. . . . The Washington Redskins have sold $189,000 worth of reservations for next fall's games, according to Owner G. P. Marshall.

SMITH JOINS NAVY

Blond Bruce Smith, Minnesota's All American halfback last year, is in the ranks at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. . . . Joe Cooper and Alex Shibecky, pro hockey stars from the Blackhawks and Rangers, respectively, have joined the Canadian Army. . . . Bronco Nagurski, one of the great pro football players, has given up the gridiron and retired to his Minnesota farm. . . . Ed Barrow was awarded the prize for being the outstanding baseball executive of 1941.

STELLA WALSH QUITS

Another sports star announcing retirement from competition is Stella Walsh, the Cleveland Polish girl, who has won more female track titles than you can shake a stick at. . . . In her farewell appearance, Stella took the 100 yard dash, the discus and the broad jump at the National A. A. U. meet. . . . Johnny Gee, who cost the Pirates $75,000 in 1939, is leaving baseball. . . . He's got a bad arm.

BASEBALL IN IRELAND

BELFAST, Ireland—Two Yank Army teams battled on the diamond here to celebrate the fourth of July in real American style. The Mid-West Giants defeated the Kentucky Wildcats, 3 to 2, in a wild game.

Jones Joins Army

NEW YORK—Bobby Jones, the grand slam golf immortal, has joined the army. He's now Capt. Robert T. Jones of the Aircraft Warning Service in the First Fighter Command, attached to Mitchel Field.

Marines Get Speed Star

SALINAS, Calif.—Harold Davis, the A.A.U. sprint champion and latest contender for the "World's Fastest Human" title, has joined the Marines. Byron "Whizzer" White, the former Colorado football star, tried to enlist as a Marine, too, but was turned down for color blindness.

SPORT

SHORTS

CHICAGO—Jerry Evert beat Benny Migdow, 0-6, 6-2, 7-5, to win the junior championship of the Center tournament at the Chicago Town and Tennis Club. . . . George Dickey, White Sox catcher, became the father of a baby boy. . . . Frankie Baumholtz, star centerfielder for the Great Lakes Naval Station, is now an ensign. . . . Jimmy Wilson has been tossed out of three games for arguments with umpires this season.

COLUMBUS, O.—Big Horace Gillom, whom Coach Paul Brown calls the greatest football prospect he ever has seen, is one of five Ohio State University gridsters to flunk out of school.

LOS ANGELES—Commodore Wes Smith of the Southern California Yachting Association is now on active duty as a lieutenant in the Coast Guard. . . . A. T. Danielson is the new president of the Southern California Trojaneers, booster organization of the U. S. C. He succeeds filmdom's Edward Arnold. . . . Bill Garbe, first sacker for the Hollywood nine, is out for the season with a back injury received sliding into second base during a recent game. . . .

PITTSBURGH—The wolves are howling for Frankie Frisch's scalp. Rumored as a possible successor if the Fordham Flash is replaced as Pirate manager is Al Lopez, catching veteran.

INDIANAPOLIS — Dr. Harvey Leer with a 75-77—152 captured the Indianapolis Dental Society golf tourney for the second straight year. Dorothy Ellis won the women's city golf event with a 54-hole total of 247. Runnerup was Carolyn Varin.

CLEVELAND—Jim Benton, star pass-catching end for the Rams in 1940, will rejoin the pro football club this fall after a year's layoff. . . . The Rosenblums are leading the Class A sandlot chase with nine victories in eleven starts. The Fisher Foods and Bartuneks are tied for second. . . . Oris Hockett, star rookie outfielder for the Indians, almost quit the team for a defense job in a factory. He is an accomplished machinist, but the Mrs. talked him into staying in baseball.

DETROIT—The Detroit Lions traded Billy Jefferson to the Chicago Cardinals for Billy Hall in an even swap. Both men expect to join a branch of the fighting forces before football season opens. . . . Hal Newhouser, southpaw star of the Tigers, has been reclassified 1-A by his draft board. He intends to enlist in the air corps. . . . Jim Edwards, rising Negro middleweight, has chalked up 14 straight wins in recent starts. Six have been via the kayo route.

DENVER—Bob Decker of Garden Home won the Colorado Open Horseshoe tournament at City Park . . . Bill Singen, Colorado's all-Rocky Mountain fullback, has earned his wings in the Army Air Force . . .

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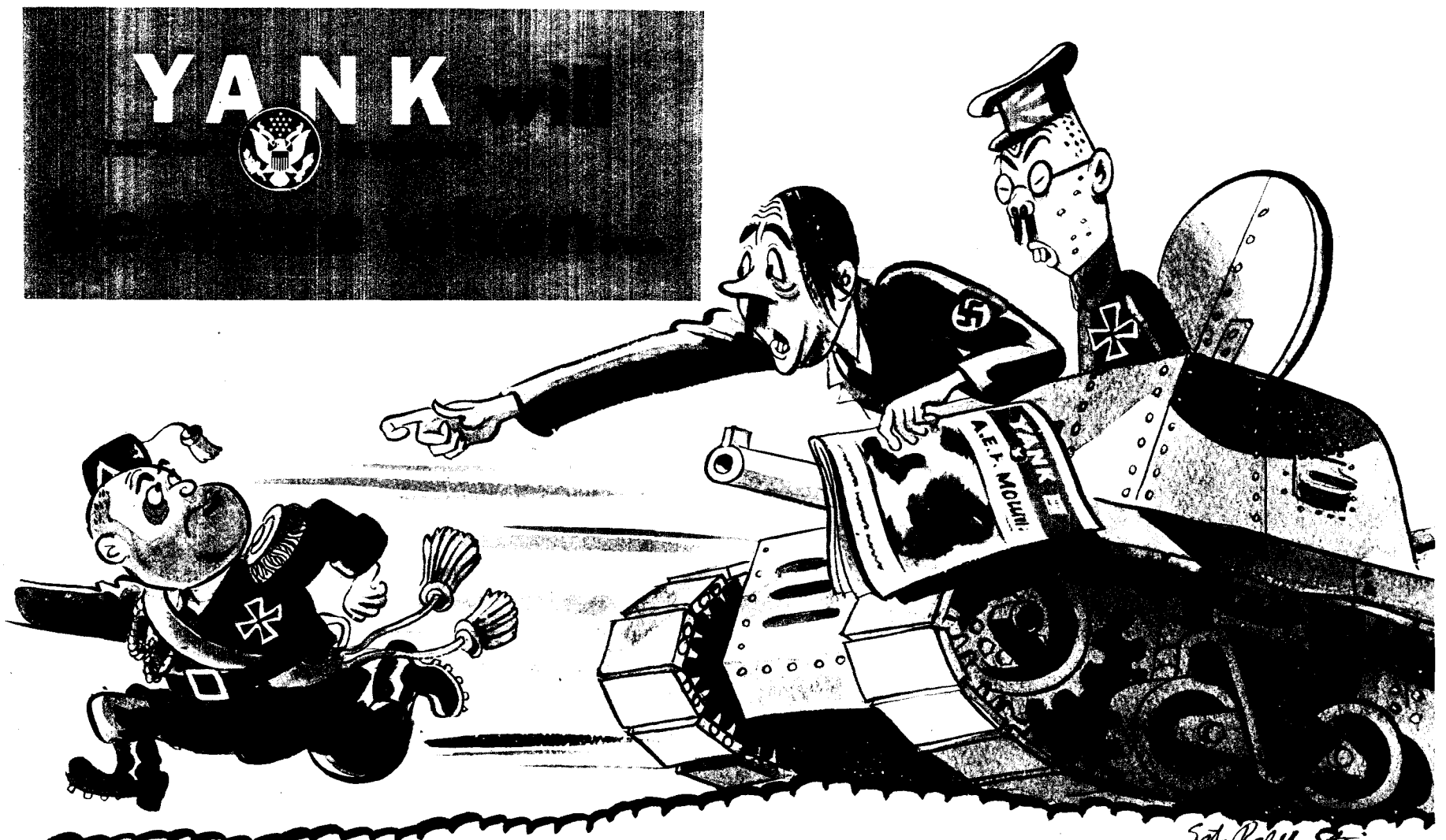
YANK



"Yoo-hoo, Benny!" Hitler called. "Where's the Italian Army?"

ONCE upon a time, and a time that's not far off, Hitler and Hirohito were sitting in a tank. They had been there for quite a while, because neither of them knew how to drive the damn thing. This was a pity, because they were in a very hot place. American shells were dropping all around them, and the skies were full of American planes. It could be presumed that American tanks and infantrymen were in the near vicinity.

"I want to get out of here," Hirohito said.

Hitler fiddled around with the tank's controls. "So do I," he said. "I don't know how to drive, though. I can't even drive a car. Can't even ride a horse, for that matter."

"I can ride a horse," Hirohito said.

Hitler snorted. "That's helping us a lot, isn't it?"

"Pull that gadget there," Hirohito said, pointing.

Hitler pulled. Nothing happened.

"Donnerwetter!" he screamed. "Those verdammt Yanks are getting closer. I'm scared."

The Son of Heaven was scared, too. He said so.

"Look around the tank," Hitler said. "Maybe there's a book of instructions on how to drive a tank lying around somewhere."

Hirohito looked. There wasn't.

"Wait a minute," he said. He reached in a pocket and pulled out a crumpled newspaper. "I found this stuffed in the mouth of one of my sentries after a raid. It's the newspaper of the American Army."

"The newspaper of the American Army?" Hitler asked incredulously. "You mean the American Army is allowed to read and *edit a paper?* Perfectly outrageous! The German Army doesn't read."

"Maybe there's something in this paper about tanks," Hirohito said. "Only trouble is, I can't read English."

"Neither can I," said Hitler. "Benito can read English, though. I wonder where he is?"

Coincidence can sometimes be an amazing thing. At that very moment Mussolini came running by the tank, headed, as usual, away from the fighting.

"Yoo-hoo, Benny!" Hitler called.

Benito skidded to a stop, scorching the soles of his boots. "Oh, hello, Boss," he said.

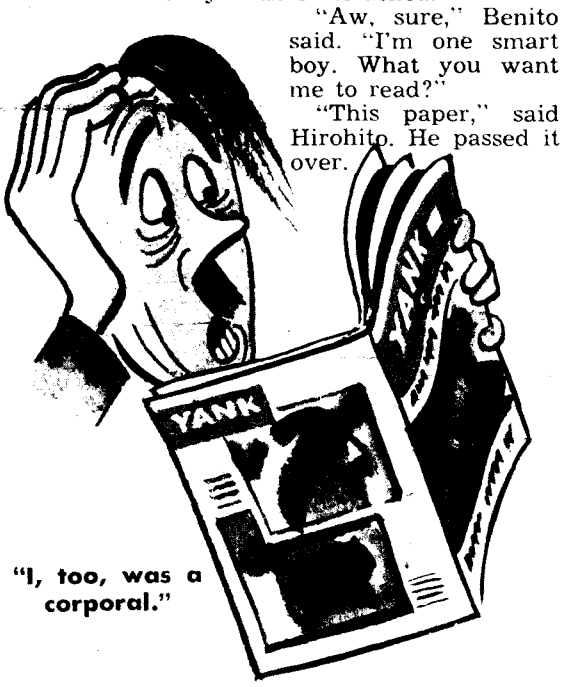
"Where's the Italian Army?" Hitler wanted to know.

"Aw, they retreated past here three days ago," Benito said. "I'm a little slow. Been putting on too much weight these last few years."

"You can read English, can't you, Benny?" Hirohito asked.

"Aw, sure," Benito said. "I'm one smart boy. What you want me to read?"

"This paper," said Hirohito. He passed it over.



"I, too, was a corporal."

Benito looked at it. "Hmmm, YANK," he said.

"What does it say inside, Benny?" Hitler asked.

"It says we're getting licked," Mussolini said. "It says we're getting the bejaysus beat out of us."

"Does it say anything about how to drive a tank?" said Hitler.

Benito thumbed through the pages. "No," he said, "I don't see anything about driving a tank. Looks like a pretty good paper, though."

"It's dirty, democratic propaganda," Hitler screamed.

"It says the Yanks have retaken Paris," Mussolini said. "Last week. I didn't know anything about that."

"It's a lie!" Hitler shouted.

"The guy that wrote the piece was there," Benito said. "He's a corporal."

"I was a corporal, too," Hitler said.

"You should have learned how to drive a tank," hissed Hirohito.

"Sharrup!" Hitler said. "What else is in the paper, Benny?"

"Lots," Mussolini said. "Jokes and pictures and cartoons. Everything."

"Those dirty Americans are crazy," Hitler cried. "Reading jokes while they're fighting a war. You can't win a war that way."

"They're winning this one that way," Benito said.

"What they're doing in Asia is awful," said Hirohito.

"I still don't know how to drive a tank," Hitler wailed.

Benito put down the paper. "What's the matter? You want to know how to drive a tank? I know how to drive a tank."

"You get us out of here, Benny," Hitler said, "and when the war is over I'll give you Africa. Free, with no strings."

"Baby, when this war is over," Benito said, "I'll be lucky if I even have a fruit stand." He laid the copy of YANK on his lap and stepped on the self-starter of the tank . . .

At that moment, a few miles away, a gunner of American artillery fired a 155. The shell found its target in a Mark IV tank that was just beginning to move.

When the smoke cleared away there was nothing to be seen but a torn piece of paper. On one side of the paper was the word YANK in great red letters. On the other side of the paper was a scrap of newsprint. It said "After fierce fighting, American troops marched into Paris. It is reported that Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito are retreating toward Berlin. Their whereabouts are unknown."

NOW IF CORP. SCHIKELGRUBER HAD BEEN SMART . . . .

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